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Long Jim, the Scout; Or, The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

CHAPTER XXX.

A BUFFALO HUNT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

AS nearly as the whites could judge, they rode about three miles in a westerly direction, when they came to a halt.

"I think we have gone far enough," said Dick Harrod.

"So do I," assented Ned. "If we get too far we shall lose our way, and have to go hunting for Fort Sheridan for a month before we find it."

"Very well, then. You are the leader; govern yourself accordingly."

The heads of the mustangs were turned southward and the start was made for Fort Sheridan, which they hoped to reach without further molestation and to find their friends awaiting them there.

The situation had become so serious that Dick Harrod felt the time for love-making had passed by, and it became him now to attend solely to the business before him.

"Fortunately, we have the field-glass in our possession, and we must not forget to use it," he said, intimating to Inez that she should call it into play again.

She did so, sweeping the entire horizon, but reported it clear.

All were hopeful, and though their mustangs had been given a pretty good heat, they were still kept at it.

The wish was to reach the fort before dark, and provided they were traveling in the right direction there was a prospect of doing so.

When Pomp declared that he was suffering for the want of food, he stated the condition of the others as well. The day was well gone, and none had tasted a mouthful of nourishment since morning.

True, they had become accustomed to privation and hardship, but one of the inevitable accompaniments of such a rugged outdoor life as they were leading was an appetite which would not down excepting by the means that nature has provided.

When, therefore, after they had ridden some distance further, and Inez reported several buffaloes cropping the grass only a short way off to the left, it was unanimously agreed to "go for" them.

The place where they were seen was a small patch or grove, where the trees were open and free from undergrowth.

It was impossible to approach without the animals seeing them—that is, if they chose to look, but the buffalo is a beast which appears to have no objection to the hunter coming as close to him as he chooses.

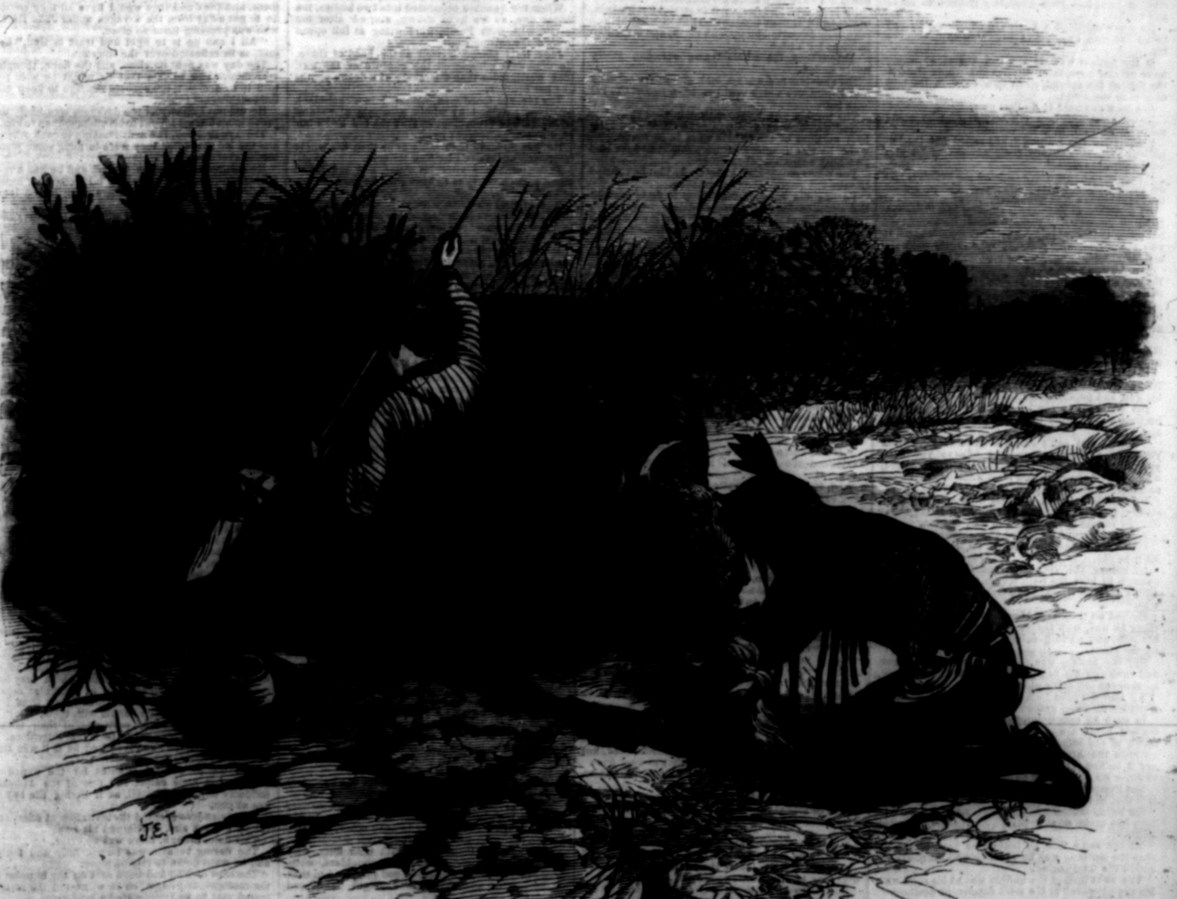
His objection appears after he has received the bullet.

"Pomp, you have been the most anxious to get something to eat," said Dick, "and you can help Ned bring down the buffalo, if he wants your help."

"Just what I was going to propose," said Ned, glad of a little sport wherever the chance offered.

"*Ob course*," chimed in the African, in his self-important way; "I expects whar de pos' ob danger am to lead de way."

It being agreed upon, the two started off on a gallop in the direction of the three buffaloes that were grazing a third of a mile distant, while Dick and Inez rode to the top of the highest elevation to keep a lookout for Indians.



"THIS SORT OF DOUBLE DUTY RENDERED THE WORK OF RELOADING THE PIECE LONGER AND MORE DIFFICULT; BUT HE FINISHED AT LAST, AND LAYING IT DOWN, REACHED OUT TO TAKE THE OTHER GUN."

READ HEMYNG'S STORY, "ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY."

They had little fear of being disturbed by any, but the experience of the day had taught them to expect the pests at all times.

"In your excitement, Ned," said Dick, as his young friend was on the point of starting, "don't forget to look at us once in a while, and to watch in other directions for Apaches."

The youth promised that the admonition should be remembered, and he and Pomp rode off in high spirits.

"Which am de most dangerousest buffalo, Ned?" asked the African, as he and his friend drew near the animals.

"There isn't much danger about any of them, as you ought to know, after living so long in the West and seeing hundreds."

"*Ob course* I know," responded Pomp; "I was jist waiting to see if you remembered all dat I told you—dat was all."

Ned determined to catch the fellow if he could.

"Most persons would say that a buffalo bull, when he is mad and has a bullet in him, is the worst of his kind. That is what most people would say, but you know better. The bull will get mad and pitch and rear, but he is so big and heavy that he can't keep moving very fast, and a spry horse has no trouble in keeping out of his way. It's the little, wiry cow that is most to be dreaded."

"Kerect," called out the African; "and as you ought to larn to face the worsest kind ob critters, now dat you're growin' so big, why, I'll let you take de cow dat is nibbling de grass close by de corner ob de grove, while I go for de bull dat is off dar quite a ways from de cow."

"All right," assented Ned, laughing to himself, for he felt that there was fun ahead; "I'll do the best I can, and if the cow gets too ugly, why, I'll draw off, and let you finish the bull. Do you think you will want me to help you?"

"When I does I'll send you a letter to come. You jist wait."

The African spoke in his most important manner. He felt he had a "soft" thing of it.

He would extinguish the bull in a twinkling, and place himself outside several pounds of the choicest steak within an inappreciable space of time.

Ned had the longest distance to go to reach his game, and as he was desirous of seeing how the African was going to make it, he purposely held back, so as to give him the chance.

Pomp was sanguine that he would bring the animal down at the first fire, for he carried a good gun, and was able to approach very close.

The bull was an enormous one, and continued biting the luxuriant grass as if he despised any foe that could attempt to molest him or make him afraid.

Pomp drew his horse down to a walk and rode to within twenty yards, when his animal showed an indisposition to go any closer to such a brute.

His rider urged him, and the mustang advanced a step or two, and then positively refused to move any further.

He was enough of a hunter to know that he had taken the man as close as there was any necessity for.

If the buffalo was on the run the steed would have carried his master without any urging close to the side of the animal, so as to afford him the best chance in the world.

But he was afraid to do that now.

Pomp hesitated, scarcely certain that he could make his shot tell at that distance.

"What are you waiting for?" called out the impatient Ned. "You are close enough to hit him with your eyes shut."

"I'd like to know who's running the buffoler, you or me?" demanded the indignant Pomp, fearful that his courage was impugned.

"I don't see as anybody is running him," replied Ned. "You act as if you are afraid, Pomp, of that old bull, that couldn't hurt his grandmother. If you are afraid, why just say so, and I'll walk up and shoot him."

The African couldn't stand such taunting as that. He was so angry that he couldn't do justice to it in the way of reply.

But he would show the irreverent boy how such things were managed by the masters of the business.

Turning the head of the horse toward the buffalo, still cropping the grass, he made one more effort to force him nearer.

But, as before, the steed refused, and before Ned could make another remark, the negro raised his gun and pointed it straight at the animal.

His anxiety to make his shot fatal caused him to hesitate a moment or two, so as to be sure of his aim.

"Pomp, you can't scare a buffalo by pointing your rifle at him and making believe you fire; you've got to shoot and let him feel the bullet, and, while you're about it, don't let your hand tremble so much, or you'll miss him altogether."

Up to this moment the aim of Pomp was very steady, but now his nerves trembled with rage that the boy should speak to him in that fashion.

The next second he pulled the trigger.

It was all by accident that he hit the animal, but hit it he did.

Of course the shot was not fatal, but it was enough to hurt the bull, which threw up his head with a snort as if seeking to learn who his aggressor was.

He had no trouble in identifying his assailant, for there he was, with the smoke curling upward from his rifle, and waiting calmly for his victim to give up the ghost.

But the buffalo was not ready to yield just yet, and lowering his head with a threatening bellow, he charged full drive at Pomp.

All now depended on the mustang, which made a sudden turn and dashed away.

In such an encounter, the superior speed of the trained horse always enables him to keep out of reach of the infuriated animal, and in the present instance the African would have been in no danger if he had retained presence of mind sufficiently to allow his steed to do as he chose.

But Pomp was so startled by the onset of the buffalo that he forgot his duty.

He began shouting to the horse, and tried hard to turn him aside, so as to permit the charging monster to go by.

At the same time he tugged so hard at the bit that the mustang was bewildered, and narrowly escaped the fatal goring.

The next instant the buffalo was at his side, with his head lowered in the most dangerous position.

The mustang knew more than his rider—which is not saying a great deal—and taking his bit between his teeth, he made a tremendous leap, which took him clear of his assailant.

The bound saved the steed, but it played the mischief with the rider.

Pomp was not expecting any such effort, and lost his balance entirely.

The alarmed Ned Melville was looking at the performance, feeling that the African was in danger, when he saw him lose his balance, roll off the side of his animal, and fall directly upon the back of the buffalo.

Poor Pomp, without knowing what he was doing, but guided by an instinct which was devoid of the least reasoning, turned and made a desperate clutch at anything he could lay his hands upon.

And doing so, he seized the long mane of the buffalo with both hands, placing his legs astride of him, just as if he had mounted for the purpose of enjoying a free ride.

The alarm of Ned now turned to the most uproarious mirth, and the picture of the negro, with his eyes starting out of his head, his legs spread far apart, while he held on like grim death, and the buffalo so terrified that he whirled around and round like a spinning-top, made a picture that would have forced a laugh from a man who had never laughed before.

Still there was an element of danger about it all which caused Ned to force his horse as close as he could, while he waited for an opening in which to send in a shot that should end the performance.

The whirling motion of the wounded buffalo caused Pomp to become as dizzy as if he were intoxicated "clear through."

The next thing that Ned saw was the figure of the African falling off the beast.

He came down on the ground like a log, and then sprang up, with the intention of getting out of the way of the infuriated animal, which he believed was on the point of goring and trampling him to death.

But he was still dizzy, and was no sooner on his feet than he tumbled sprawling to the earth again.

The buffalo appeared as bewildered as he, and paid no attention to the helpless fellow.

Ned Melville now managed to control himself enough to take aim at a point just back of the foreleg, and pulled the trigger.

The shot went straight to the heart, and the buffalo tumbled heavily to the ground, where, after a few spasmodic struggles, he gave up and was no more.

"Well, Pomp, how do you like it?" asked Ned, breaking out again into the most boisterous laughter.

The African was still until he could obtain control of himself, when he staggered to his feet, and steadying himself a moment, he looked severely at the laughing youth and said:

"See yar, young man; I wants to guv you a little adwice."

"Well, let's hear it."

"I'm older dan you, ain't I?"

"You are supposed to be."

"Wall, don't you forget it, dat's all. I hope dat I won't hab to tell de colonel dat you hab forgot de 'spect dat is doo dem as was men afore you was thought ob."

If the life of the lad had paid the penalty, he could not have restrained his laughter.

By great effort he managed to straighten his face, and then all at once the recollection of what he had seen would double him up with mirth, and leave him helpless for a time.

Throughout the whole trying occasion Pomp never smiled.

His countenance wore a look of austere severity and displeasure which ought to have frozen the lad with fear.

The trouble was, however, it didn't.

Ned was enough of a hunter to know where the best portions of the buffalo were to be found, and while he was laughing at his sable friend he was also busy extracting their dinner.

Pomp was so offended at his levity that he refused to take any part in the performance.

Feeling the need of something to do to prevent the situation becoming embarrassing, he carefully reloaded his rifle, and then as Ned's lay upon the ground beside the buffalo, he also placed a new charge in that.

This finished, he let the weapons lie and mounted his horse, which had come back to the spot of his own accord.

The steed of Ned had drifted off to the trees, where he was cropping the grass that grew along the border.

Pomp was sitting on his horse in this way, and Ned was carefully dressing his game, and had nearly finished the work when the African, fearful of exciting his laughter by looking at him, turned his head and gazed off in the direction of Dick Harrod and Inez.

As he did so he saw them riding on a gallop toward them, and making repeated signs.

"Wot de blazes am de matter wid dem?" asked the puzzled negro.

Ned looked up.

"Hark, Pomp! they're calling out something!" exclaimed the frightened lad. "There must be danger."

And then, as the recollection of what they had seen earlier in the day flashed upon him, he glanced hurriedly behind him and toward the grove where his horse was grazing.

The very thing he dreaded he saw.

Like many another person in his situation, he had forgotten his precaution in his excitement over the buffalo-hunt.

As a consequence, a party of Apaches, approaching from the east, had managed to steal down unobserved upon the two, and they were now within a hundred yards.

In fact, a portion of them were coming round one end of the grove, and a portion around the other.

They were within easy rifle range, and must have come so very near without Ned or Inez detecting them.

When they discovered the danger, they started with all speed, shouting and gesticulating, so as to apprise them in time to make their retreat.

"Gorrynation! Dis ain't the place for me!" muttered Pomp, wheeling his mustang about and riding away at full speed.

Ned Melville stood for one minute transfixed, not knowing which way to turn or what to do.

Naturally, his hopes centred on his horse, and he started on the run to reach him.

A half dozen steps showed that it was impossible to get to him ahead of the Indians, the foremost of whom was close enough to lasso the animal if he chose.

Pomp was dashing away so furiously that he was too far to be called back to take him along.

Had the African taken the youth upon the steed with him, he could have saved him.

But Pomp never thought of such a thing; he deserted his friend through ignorance, not with premeditation.

Dick Harrod was much further off than the Indians, and there appeared no way of flight at all for Ned Melville.

It seemed that the only resource was to surrender.

Such, too, it would appear, was advisable, and to be expected from the youth, but he had no such intention.

He had been a prisoner once before among the Apaches, and he preferred to be shot outright rather than to undergo it again.

He caught sight of the two guns lying at his feet, and he remembered that they had been loaded but a few minutes before by Pomp.

Their appearance at that instant he regarded as an indication from Providence that he was to make a fight for it.

Stooping over, he caught up both, and running to the carcass of the buffalo, he threw himself down behind it, prepared to fight it out on that line if it took all Summer.

The audacious bravery of the youth seemed to check the Apaches for the moment, and Ned had a chance of learning the precise danger which threatened him.

The forces of Lone Wolf seemed to have split up that day into companies of nearly equal strength; for, as nearly as Ned could judge, the warriors that had stolen down on him were about twenty in number, all, of course, well mounted and armed.

But this was not what he had to contend against.

He had scarcely flung himself behind the buffalo, when the party divided, and fully two-thirds, if not more, went off on other business.

This other business was the pursuit of Dick Harrod, Inez Melville and the negro Pomp.

But for this the two named men would have come down to the assistance of the lad, desperate as was the chance of his repelling the ravening redskins.

As it was, Dick Harrod would not have left the youth but for the fact that he had the custody of his sister, and to neglect her safety would be to insure her capture.

With the new party in pursuit, and with their own horses pretty well tired from their long run, it looked as if the three were in a scarcely less dangerous situation than the one who was lying behind his breastworks and coolly awaiting the charge of the foe.

Ned would not have had the others to halt and attempt to assist him for the world.

He saw that their only chance was to fly, and the worst calamity that could occur would have been the capture of his beloved sister.

The halt made in front of his battlements gave him a chance to take a rapid survey of the situation.

He saw Dick and Inez, as Pomp came up and the Apaches divided and started in pursuit, wheel their mustangs and dash away at as high a rate of speed as they could command.

He was glad of it. He believed they would escape by the great fleetness of their animals.

He saw another curious thing which arrested his attention even at such a critical time.

The leader of the Indians was a white man, and from what he knew of the renegade, Jack Hart, he was certain that it was he who held them in hand.

When the Apaches separated into two bodies, the larger one, as we have shown, started after the lovers, who, with Pomp, were going at full speed toward the setting sun.

Jack Hart placed himself at the head of these. He doubtless considered the capture of the girl, Inez, worth more than the taking of a dozen youths like her brother.

The big, red-faced man, mounted on a coal-black mustang, galloped by within a couple of rods of where he was crouching, so that the lad had a fair view of him as he went by.

He was no more than fairly gone than the whole thing was understood by Ned Melville.

This wretch was after his sister, and had taken along enough warriors to insure the capture of herself and escort.

Ned ground his teeth with rage. Why didn't he think, when he had the dog within such easy range, to shoot him from his horse, as he could have done without the least trouble?

It was too late now; he was gone, and with him, at the least calculation, a dozen Apache warriors.

The danger of Inez was more serious than ever before, and Ned was suddenly reminded that if he had any expectation of repelling those who were left behind the time had come for him to prove his ability to do so.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A BRAVE BUT UNAVAILING DEFENSE.

NED MELVILLE counted his enemies and found there were seven of them, some of whom were stationed among the trees, where they could shelter their bodies from the bullets of the lad, which they seemed to think were likely to be sent after them.

These warriors disposed of themselves like veterans of the war-path, who were ready at all times to take the risk of attacking a foe.

Unfortunately, the position of the dead buffalo was such that he was close to the trees, so that the Apaches were enabled to use them as a means of shelter.

The entire seven dismounted and placed their mustangs on the other side of the grove, where they were out of the way of the flying balls, and then dodging behind the largest trunks, they were prepared to undertake the reduction of the fort, with its garrison.

These elaborate preparations convinced Ned that they meant to make a fight, and he could only retain his own by a stubborn resistance without the least thought of yielding.

Such a defense he was prepared to make.

How effective the body of a buffalo was as a means of defense against the bullets of the Indians remained to be seen.

Ned was crouched down upon the ground with the bulky carcass of his prize in front of him, so that he could fire over the top at his enemies whenever the occasion or opportunity should come.

There can be little doubt that the Apaches could have shot the lad from where they were, had they been so disposed; but, like the rest of their comrades, they were after prisoners to-day.

Matters remained at a standstill for some minutes after the redskins took their stations.

There seemed a debate as to the precise manner in which the obstreperous youth should be taken.

Ned heard them grunting to each other, and suspected that such was their occupation.

He could see their heads, with their long, wiry black hair dangling about their shoulders, while they grasped their rifles and stood prepared to take advantage of any chance that might be offered them.

"There's a fellow that I think I can pick off," muttered Ned, as he caught sight of a savage who seemed to take no pains to hide his person, "and as some one has to begin this fight, I may as well start the ball."

He rested his rifle on the body of the buffalo, and sighted as carefully as he could at the savage.

Just as his finger was pressing the trigger, the very redskin suddenly raised his gun and fired at Ned himself.

The thing was done so quickly that the lad had no thought of dodging, and the ball buried itself in the carcass, within a few inches of his face.

The gun was scarcely discharged when the savage dashed behind the nearest tree, thus saving himself from the return shot, which was on the point of being sent after him.

Nevertheless, Ned saw that he had a chance, and blazed away, expecting he would end the career of that savage then and there.

But there was no answering death-shriek to tell of such result, and a second shot warned Ned that he must look out for his own safety from the bullets.

Now that the fight had opened, it was not likely to cease until terminated by the overthrow of one of the parties. Neither was apt to withdraw, leaving the contest drawn.

Ned had sent in one bullet in vain, and he lay down his gun and picked up the rifle of Pomp, so as to be ready to fire that the instant it might become necessary.

He looked from one to the other, and there were plenty signs of the Apaches, no matter in what direction he peered.

The trouble was that they showed but a small part of their bodies, and then only for an instant.

Thus it was impossible for him to make his aim satisfactory, and he reserved his fire, fearful that if he should place himself without a loaded gun they would make a rush and overcome him before he could prepare himself.

As matters remained perfectly quiet for a time, Ned was given a chance to think over the situation, and to form some idea as to how he was likely to issue from this dilemma.

He was in the hope that, by a vigorous defense, and by picking off two or three of the Apaches, they would conclude that it did not pay to continue the siege, and would withdraw.

But he had made a bad beginning for such a great accomplishment.

The first shot was a miss, and he had narrowly escaped being hit himself by the warrior whom he expected to bring low.

The more Ned thought over the situation, the more hopeless did it appear to him.

One boy against seven Indian warriors—was there ever such a thing known?

Anxious as he was to become a hero, he felt there were laws which nature would not suspend for the benefit of ambitious youth, and if he should escape these besiegers it must be by the intervention of Providence in the shape of reinforcements.

Where were they to come from?

There was none that he could look to for help except the source of all help and succor in time of trouble.

Ned knew that he was so far away from the scouts that no assistance could be looked for from them, and Dick and Inez would have all they could do to get away from the savages under Jake Hart, who was pressing them so close.

"All I can do is to fight and trust in God," he said, as he reflected over the situation.

The day was near its close, and the hope, though very faint, came to him that he might be able to turn it to account, if he could manage to keep off the redskins until then.

He did not reflect that the darkness was likely to prove more advantageous to his enemies than to him.

The Apaches could be heard talking to each other, and the lad suspected they were forming some plan for his overthrow.

He still retained his gun, loaded, and he had a revolver also, with six chambers fully charged, from which he expected great things when forced into close quarters.

Some ten minutes passed when he saw that his foes were at some plan concocted during the last few minutes.

They were all making a change of base.

They could be seen darting from behind the trees and running to the shelter of others.

The sight was odd and interesting.

At first one of the warriors would go skurrying from one trunk to another, crouching down like a boy playing hide-and-go-seek, and just as the eye had taken cognizance of his movement a second would pop in view and go through the same motion.

Then another and still another, until it appeared that all were at the curious business.

The noticeable thing about this was that every Apache was making in the same direction—that is, toward the southern end of the grove.

Instead of darting back and forth and here and there, on the hunt for the best tree, no matter toward what point of the compass it led them, they kept up the general migration in one direction.

They suggested a number of grasshoppers on their way to some new pasture-field.

This definite destination put some of the redskins to their wit's end to protect their persons while on the kangaroo-like expedition.

Some of the trunks were too small to afford them adequate shelter, in which cases they crouched down as low to the ground as they could.

More than once Ned had some of them under good range, and he was on the point of firing, but waited for a better chance.

Thus the migration continued until all the savages were at the lower end of the grove, where they were obliged, from the nature of the circumstances, to come to a halt.

This brought the Apaches "quartering" on the lad, who faced about with his loaded gun, ready to receive them from whatsoever direction they came.

Ned's supposition was that they intended to make a rush upon him from the point which they had reached, though it struck him as a singular movement, as they were really further away from him than when he exchanged shots with them.

It might be, however, only one of their tricks, designed to shut his eyes to their real intentions.

So it was, indeed; and it looked as if it was succeeding to perfection.

Ned waited several minutes for the expected charge, but none came, and one of the Apaches suddenly exposed himself, as if daring the boy to fire at him.

The defender accepted the invitation at once, and taking a quick aim, discharged his rifle.

This time, though, there was no error.

The daring redskin was struck fully and fairly, and he went down to rise no more.

The shot of Ned had been sent on the impulse of the moment, and he, when he witnessed the result, feared that he had committed a fatal error.

He was sure that the savages would make their rush upon him, and he would be at their mercy.

But, rather singularly, they did not stir from their places.

For several minutes they were as quiet as if there was but the single brave pitted against the lad who had shot him dead.

This oppressive stillness continued, and then Ned saw one of the Indians go stealing and hopping toward the body of his slain comrade.

He could have picked him off as he moved along, but he thought it not advisable.

Taking advantage of the respite offered him, he began reloading the two guns which were discharged.

This required considerable time, as it was necessary to keep watch of the redskins, that they did not steal a march upon him while thus engaged.

When the work was half done he fancied he detected something mysterious, and he ceased, with the ramrod in the mouth of Pomp's rifle, and listened and peered at them.

There had been some change of position, but if the Apaches meant to make a charge they still deferred it.

Ned Melville was mystified at the actions of the savages, for it appeared to him in no other light than a series of triflings, as if they wished merely to play with him who must soon fall into their hands without any exertion upon their part.

All at once there was another gun fired, and as before, the bullet passed so close to the lad as to startle him into a gasp of terror, for he knew not the precise point whence it came.

In the meantime there was a little trick of the Apaches under way which the lad never suspected.

It was plain to Ned that the Indians were determined to secure him without injury.

He might shoot and blaze away all he chose, and it would make no difference as to their purpose. They were resolved to have him alive, and he couldn't prevent it.

"There are only six of them," thought he, "and I have my loaded gun and revolver—just enough to pick them all off and have a shot to spare. But the trouble is that more than one shot is likely to miss, and then where will I be? And six Indians ain't likely to stand up and give me a chance to shoot them down one after the other; they ain't a bit obliging that way. I guess while I'm waiting I'll load the other rifle, and I will be that much better off."

He laid down his gun and picked up the other, keeping his eyes fixed as best he could upon the Apaches while he was thus employed.

This sort of double duty rendered the work of reloading the piece longer and more difficult; but he finished at last, and laying it down, reached out to take the other gun.

He placed his hand where he left it, but, to his astonishment, it was not there!

"That's mighty strange," he said to himself. "I set it down there, and it's gone."

He searched all around himself, but the rifle had unquestionably vanished, as if spirited away by the hand of enchantment.

"It looks as if I was upon haunted ground," he added, not knowing what to make of it. "How a gun can get up and walk off is more than I can tell. But there isn't any time to find out how it is, and I have another to depend on——"

Just then he reached out to take the other piece, when he discovered that that had vanished, also!

Still more, when Ned turned his head he saw the rifle in the act of leaving him.

Then it was all clear enough. There was an Apache warrior at the other end of it.

And with the sight of the grinning dog the whole *modus operandi* flashed upon the victim.

He understood the meaning of that wholesale migration of the warriors from behind the trees.

They had shifted their positions in the manner described, for the purpose of blinding the eyes of the lad to their real purpose.

There were but six thus employed, and they conducted themselves in such an entertaining style that Ned did nothing but watch until, when they reached the lower end of the grove, his side was turned toward the place that they had left, which was taken out of his field of vision.

All of which was what the Apaches were manœuvring for, and which they accomplished as neatly as if it were a play, in which the victim assisted in the *denouement*.

When this point was reached, the sixth Indian that had been left behind stole from his concealment, and moved cautiously out upon the prairie, reaching the rear of the lad without his forming the least suspicion of what was going on.

This point secured, Ned Melville was at the mercy of the Apache, who could have shot or tomahawked him with as much ease as if he were bound and helpless.

Stealing up behind, he abstracted one of his guns without being suspected, and then drew the other away, when the lad happened to turn about and saw what he was engaged at.

It could scarcely be supposed that the lad would dare resist when the case was so hopeless against him, but he did.

Whipping out his revolver, he leaped to his feet and turned upon the Indian, resolved to shoot him on the instant.

But the warrior was one of the most active of his tribe, and he was prepared for something of the kind.

With a cat-like movement he turned the hand of the lad aside at the very moment the trigger was pulled.

Then thinking it was useless to trifle with such a dangerous young tiger, the warrior struck him a violent blow that felled him helpless to the earth.

As he fell, the other Apaches ran up and surrounded the courageous young hunter, who had never yielded until he was deprived of the ability to defend himself.

One of the redskins stooped over and took the revolver from the grasp of the boy.

Two others picked up his rifles, while still another tied his mustang to the limb of a tree among Indian steeds.

The pistol was a present from the father of Ned Melville, and it was beautifully carved and ornamented with silver-plate.

It was looked upon as a great prize by the Apaches, who came near quarreling over it.

It was, however, turned over to him whose dexterity saved himself from being killed by it.

Having robbed the lad of all there was worth taking about him, the Apaches waited for him to revive, so that he might be taken away with them.

The blow which Ned had received was a severe one, and it was several minutes before he recovered, and looked about him with some understanding as to what had taken place.

He felt cautiously for his revolver, hoping there was a chance to regain his lost ground; but he felt it not, and just then he saw one of the warriors a little way off attentively examining it.

Fortune had gone hard with another of the party of whites to-day, and as Ned climbed to his feet he saw that the point was reached where he was helpless against the Apaches.

No use of trying to fight any further.

Ned's head was still ringing from the blow he received, and when he stood on his feet he was so dizzy for several minutes that he came near falling.

The Apaches had accomplished all they wished, and they prepared to leave the spot.

The horses were brought up, and while they were being mounted one of the warriors said something which caused a general dismounting again.

That which he said was probably a proposal that they should cook the buffalo steak, which lay on the ground as if awaiting them.

Ned was glad to see this done, for he was ravenously hungry, and despite his gloomy situation, he was almost frantic for something to eat.

It required but a few minutes to kindle the fire, and the steak was speedily cooked, and prepared for eating in the Indian way.

The captors of Ned Melville seemed disposed to overlook his necessities until he asked for a piece.

A hunk was thrown to him as though he was a dog.

But the lad cared naught for this, so that he secured something with which to stay the craving within.

Other portions were cut from the carcass of the buffalo and cooked in the same manner.

The meat was not as tender as much that he had tasted, but he was glad enough to get it as it was.

When the meal was finished there followed another mounting, Ned Melville being allowed to straddle his own mustang, while the Apaches did not take the trouble to secure his limbs in any way.

Why should they do so?

The prisoner was not allowed any weapons, and he could do no harm, no matter how much opportunity the captors chose to give him.

Had he been one of the scouts, Mickey O'Rooney or Long Jim, it would have been different, and they would have bound him, just as a party of Apaches had done earlier in the day.

All being ready, the start was again made.

But, as before, there was an exclamation which checked every horse and brought all to a standstill.

Ned was at a loss to understand what it meant, until he saw that the warriors were looking toward the west.

Following the same direction, he discovered that a party of warriors were approaching.

They were at no great distance, and made some signals to the half-dozen Indians (including the defunct one held on his steed), which were answered by those in waiting.

What these signals meant was more than Ned could conjecture, though he was satisfied that they referred to the whites in some way or other.

The two parties were probably informing each other as to their respective success in their war upon the fugitives.

Had Inez and Dick Harrod been captured?

This was a question which Ned repeated to himself again and again, while he strained his eyes toward the approaching redskins in the expectation of learning whether such was the fact.

A few minutes more must decide.

At the end of that time he discovered they were strangers.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANOTHER FLIGHT—POMP'S STRATAGEM AND GOOD FORTUNE.

"CANNOT we help Ned?"

"I hoped we could, but there is no way in which we can serve him at all. It is doubtful whether we can save ourselves."

"My poor brother! I do not want to escape if he must be lost."

These words passed between Dick Harrod and Inez Melville, when they were compelled to halt in their attempt to reach the lad in time to assist him in his defense against the Apaches.

The sight of Pomp, the African, galloping toward them, while his young master remained behind, showed that the boy had resolved on the heroic defense which we have already shown was made.

The consternation and grief of Inez Melville was such that she would not have been able to make any intelligent effort in her own behalf, and her lover saw that he must act promptly and determinedly.

It was useless to attempt to help Ned; he therefore gave it up.

A party of the Apaches were riding toward them, and the best the whites could do was to turn and fly.

This was done about the moment Pomp joined them. Inez made no effort to guide her mustang, which acted in obedience to the voice of Dick in making the change of direction. The young man saw, too, that the race was likely to be a hot one, and all three of the horses were going at almost their highest rate almost immediately.

Inez was so smitten with grief at the loss of her brother that she seemed not to realize what was going on, and she rode beside her friend like one in a horrible dream.

When the pursuit had continued some time, Dick was gratified to discover that they were holding their own against the Apaches, who were certainly doing their utmost to overtake them.

He knew well enough, before the test was made, that there were no steeds that could surpass his own, but he had fears about the swiftness and staying qualities of the one ridden by Inez.

Pomp's was of the same character, but he could not afford to waste much sympathy on him when the lady was in such peril.

"They have not gained on us," he muttered, as he glanced over his shoulder for the third time; "if that beast of hers will keep this up for a few miles we shall give them the slip."

The distance between pursuer and pursued was something like a third of a mile—sufficiently great to protect them from the rifle-shots of the Indians if they should find themselves unable to overtake them and resort to their guns.

But to make a "clean escape," it was necessary that this gait should be increased and the gap widened.

There was one advantage, however, which Dick fully appreciated.

The day was far spent, and in an hour or two more he would have the darkness to help them.

This could not fail to be of benefit, if they could keep off the redskins until then, for they would be able to manœuvre so as to change their route and location without the Apaches knowing it.

But, under all circumstances, it was necessary that they should make all the gain possible upon their pursuers.

For this reason he urged the mustangs to their best, and kept it up without the least holding back for at least half an hour, when they had increased the gap considerably.

"Cheer up," he called out to Inez; "we are leaving them behind."

"Is that true?" she asked, looking back with an assumption of interest which she was far from feeling.

Her thoughts were with Ned, whom she felt was lost for ever. Of her father she had such hope that she scarcely thought of him as being in danger.

Yet she said nothing to indicate the gloomy despair which enveloped her, and which was apparent to her lover.

The latter would have cheered her if it was possible, but he could say nothing to do so.

According to his belief, there was no chance for the lad.

If he was not shot he was certain to fall into the power of the Apaches, and for Dick to have pretended there was any hope for his getting away would have been a falsehood so transparent that it could not have deceived the sister for a moment.

"Yes," he added, "we are riding faster than they can ride, and there seems little doubt that we shall leave them out of sight by the time the sun goes down."

"Dat am de 'pinion dat I was going to 'spress," said Pomp. "What a pity it am dat Ned didn't take my adwice and come away with us!"

"I don't suppose he had the time to prepare that you had," replied Dick, with a severe look at the African, intended to warn him that he was treading on dangerous ground; "you were on your horse, so that you had the chance to leave, while he had not."

"Yas, dar am sumfin' in dat; but den I'se ginerally ready fur such slips as dat, which some folks ain't—— What am de matter wid de hoss of Miss Inez?"

Dick Harrod made the alarming discovery, before the African spoke, that the steed had fallen lame.

Within the last few minutes an almost imperceptible limp of her horse had become so marked that it was plain that the animal was suffering, and would be unable to continue his flight much longer.

"He has hurt himself in some way," said Dick, "and he is good for nothing now to help us."

As he spoke, he turned his own mustang so as to ride close to the lamed horse, his intention being to transfer the lady to his own beast, that seeming to be the only issue out of the danger.

But Pomp anticipated him.

"Don't do dat," said he; "let her get on my hoss."

"But what will you do?"

"I'll git off."

"That won't do; there's no need of your sacrificing yourself for me," said Inez; "I will ride with Dick."

"That ain't what I mean; I ain't going to sacrifice myself, ef I knows it—not much. You jis' take dis hoss, Miss Inez, and I'll take care ob myself; you needn't be afeard ob dat."

There was such an air of certainty and conviction about what the African said, accompanied as it was by his riding his mustang close to that of the lady, that she and her lover felt he must have good reason for the belief.

Pomp was not the one possessing such high moral courage to offer himself a sacrifice for the life of another, even though that person was Inez Melville, whom he held in higher esteem than he did any one else.

He had a little scheme of his own, which he was convinced would work to perfection.

Still Dick hesitated, loath to do that which to him promised destruction to the simple-minded man, even though it seemed to promise a greater degree of safety to himself and his beloved.

"Halt!" he commanded, and at his word all three of the horses stood still.

The next instant the riders were upon the ground.

"Take off that saddle," he commanded to Pomp, as he busied himself in removing that of Inez from her steed.

The work of changing the saddles was brief.

Only a few seconds were occupied in the operation, when Inez was placed upon the sound mustang, Dick mounted his and turned to the African, who seemed more composed than any of them.

"What are you going to do, Pomp? You had better come up on my horse; he will be able to carry us both for several miles, and that, I think, will be enough to take us into the night, when we will be able to manage things just as we want to. I don't feel right in leaving you here; but you must make up your mind quickly."

"My mind was made up long ago, and if you feel worried 'bout me, I can tell you my chances am a good deal better dan yours."

In this respect Pomp was right.

But the nature of his scheme was such that he felt its benefits could not be shared by the others.

To take them into partnership would be to spoil the chances of all.

Dick Harrod had not the time to wait to learn more, and turned the head of his horse in the same direction they had been pursuing, and struck them into the same spanking gait which could scarcely be equaled by the Apaches.

As he did this the sun was high in the horizon, and the figures of the painted horsemen were dim and indistinct far in the distance.

"Good-by, Pomp," called out the young man as he galloped off, and the response of the African came back to him as they thundered away over the prairie in their desperate flight from the Indians.

Pomp, on some occasions, showed a cunning which would scarcely be expected, but which is sometimes displayed by those of a low order of intellect, when driven to the wall.

Still the plan was not original with him. He had heard Long Jim Shafto tell how he had tried it successfully upon the Kiowas when he was in company with a comrade, and his horse lamed himself by stepping in the hole of a prairie-dog.

The odd dwellings of the latter animals were all about the whites, and one of the fears of Dick Harrod was that their steeds would become injured thereby, and bring the flight to a disastrous conclusion.

The mustang of Inez was no doubt disabled in this way.

The lovers had scarcely started on their renewed flight when Pomp turned the head of the mustang toward the west, and striking his flank a resounding whack, sent him limping away.

Pausing only long enough to see that he was going right, he faced in exactly an opposite direction, and crouching down, ran as fast as he could for a distance of a hundred yards.

This took him to the centre of one of those strange products of the West—a town of the prairie-dogs.

The little conical houses were of various heights, ranging from one foot to two, three and four. They stood quite close together, and on the tops of many of them were perched the queer little animals themselves, looking, as they sat on their haunches, as if they had run up there to see what was going on.

When they descried the figure of a man rushing in among them, there was a general scampering to cover, and the tops of the houses were cleared in a twinkling.

There were some sharp barks, too, of alarm, and when the dogs found themselves safely stowed away in their forts, they peeped out from the openings beneath, as if still determined to keep the run of passing events.

Pomp had no time to stop to pay any attention to them, but hurrying among the mounds, he threw himself down where, in the gloom of the early evening, he was not likely to be seen by any in passing, unless they should approach very close to where he was.

"Guess de head ob Pomp am purty level on mos' questions," muttered the dusky fugitive, as he crouched down and waited, with a rapidly beating heart, the approach of the Apaches.

He glanced up to the sky, and thought he saw signs of a coming storm.

"Wish it would rain like de ole Harry," he exclaimed; "den dey wouldn't be apt to stop and look for other folks. I wouldn't care if I should git wet all ober."

About this time he caught the sound of the horses' hoofs, and he knew the Apaches were close at hand.

He crouched still lower among the dog-houses, and seeing one near him with an unusually large entrance, he began crawling to it, in the hope that he could excavate enough to allow him to enter.

Time was too short to permit, if it were possible. Besides this, his demonstration created such a chattering among the denizens of the place that he quickly stopped, fearful that the turmoil would bring the redskins to the spot.

At this moment, when he checked operations, he looked up, and saw that the Indian party were within a stone's throw of where he had attempted to hide himself.

Whether the Apaches had noticed the secession of the single member of the party can only be conjectured.

The probabilities are that, as the intervening distance was not very great, they saw the proceeding.

If such were the fact, they evidently considered the African too insignificant a factor in the problem to be taken into account.

The whole party, numbering over a dozen, rode on without so much as turning their heads to see what Pomp was doing among the prairie-dogs.

The African breathed freer as he noticed the action, though he was not without a fear that they might change their minds and come back after him.

He gradually rose up and peered anxiously after them, until they disappeared in the distance, and shortly after the sound of the mustangs' hoofs was heard no more.

Then for the first time he felt safe, and rose to the dignity of the occasion.

Removing his hat, he drew his palm across his brow and heaved a great sigh, as if an immense load was lifted from his shoulders.

"Brains will tell," he exclaimed; "and dat's why I hab my skulp on my head dis wery minute, instead ob habing Lone Wolf and de rest quarreling ober who shall hab de bootiful emblem."

It was quite clear that the stratagem of the negro had saved him from becoming a captive.

It was fully as evident that neither Dick Harrod nor Inez Melville could have helped themselves in the same way.

Had they turned aside, they would have been followed to the shelter and discovered.

It was the insignificance and unimportance of Pomp that saved him from the unpleasant attentions of the Indians.

"Wal, now, dat I am here, de queshun am what I'm going to do 'bout it; dar's one thing dat I'll regret to my dyin' day, and dat am dat I didn't fotch some ob dat buffalor-meat wid me. It would go wery well now widout cookin'; but I kinder luffed dat spot in a hurry, and I didn't hab time to t'ink 'bout eberyt'ing. I'd like to fotched Ned, too, eben ef he did play a mean trick onto me 'bout killing dat critter. I'm afeard dat dey hab——"

At this point in his soliloquy, the African leaped some four or five feet in the air with a howl of terror, and dashed off several rods before he had enough courage to check himself.

"Wonder ef dat blasted thing bit me?" he muttered, stooping down and examining his lower extremities.

The sound which startled him was the whirring warning of the rattlesnake, almost under his very feet.

A few minutes' investigation of himself convinced him that he had not been struck by the fangs of the reptile, and he drew another sigh of relief.

"Dem are t'ings kinder take away a feller's appetite, and if dar's any more ob 'em pitching into me, I'll forgit dat I was eber hungry at all. 'Spect dar's a lot more ob dem pison sarpents, and it's time dat I bid good-by to dis spot—what you grinning at?" he suddenly demanded of a prairie-dog perched on the top of his house, as if he was laughing at the fright of the negro.

As the latter asked this question, he flung his hat at the canine, which gave a sharp bark, and plunging off his elevation, whisked out of sight in a twinkling.

Pomp was becoming cross, and not disposed to be laughed at for his misfortunes.

Ned Melville had given him more than enough of that during the buffalo-hunt.

"Ef I had my rifle I'd shoot some ob dese imperdent critters 'round here, for I 'spise imperdence wherebber it am."

A few minutes' walk took the African outside of the village, when he paused, for his situation was serious, indeed.

He had been more fortunate than the whites in escaping the clutches of the Apaches, but his "fortune" was not yet made by a long shot.

He was many miles from his friends, and without the knowledge of the precise direction he ought to take to reach them.

His horse was gone, and if found was so lamed that he was not likely to be of any help in carrying him.

"I'd try him if I could find him," the African added to himself, as he peered around in the gloom, hoping to discover the mustang that he had turned thoughtlessly away a short time before.

More than this, it will be remembered that he left his rifle behind in his hurried flight from the Apaches that attacked Ned Melville.

He found he had but a single pistol, with only one barrel, and that was unloaded, and he was out of ammunition.

So he was unarmed, hungry, on foot and lost—conditions not calculated to make one very buoyant in spirits, even though they followed so close upon the heels of his threatened capture by the Apaches.

The best thing, as it seemed, for him, was to make a hunt for his mustang, and fixing the course the animal had taken, he followed after, peering round in the gloom on the watch for the beast, and also for any of the redskins.

It appeared as if he ought to find the mustang, which, being lame, was not likely to wander far, and there was enough grass to tempt him to stop and nibble it.

Good fortune attended Pomp in this search.

He was moving slowly along, in a half-despairing mood, when he caught sight of a large animal, which he recognized on the instant.

A minute after he had the mustang by the bridle, and was as pleased as if he had stumbled on a fortune.

"I'm sorry dat you're lame," remarked the African, as he climbed into the saddle; "but dat ain't my fault, and you mustn't hold me 'sponsible for it."

Good fortune appeared again. The strain of the mustang's foot or ankle was not severe, except for the moment.

The rest which he had obtained was the very thing he needed, and when Pomp started him off he showed scarcely any signs of what he had suffered.

This was a grateful surprise to the negro, who felt fairly rejuvenated over the fact.

If he could have obtained a good supper by some means he would have been in a situation to be envied by all others on the earth.

But that was one of the impossibilities, and deciding as best he could the direction that ought to be taken to reach Fort Sheridan, he started the horse off on a brisk gallop, which he hoped would end in taking him straight to the post.

The wonderful toughness of the mustang of the South is well-known, and in spite of the great strain to which this one had been subjected in the chase, he settled down to his business as if he was willing and ready to make a night of it.

Pomp knew better than to urge him, but allowed the reins to lie loose on his mane, and left him to regulate his speed to suit himself.

The prairie was mostly of the rolling kind, and not difficult to travel.

There were some portions so ascending that the steed dropped into a walk upon reaching them, but when he struck the level again he was off as before.

There were patches of timber encountered, and Pomp generally gave them a wide berth, his experience with such having taught him that it was safer to keep clear of them.

His ravening hunger was exhausted, as it may be said, by his unusually long fast, and instead of feeling such a craving within, it was succeeded by a weakness and partial indifference to food, which is often seen in similar circumstances.

One or two swallows of meat, or anything in that line, would have aroused the natural appetite in all its fierceness.

Pomp kept up his flight until the morning broke over the prairie again, by which time he concluded he must be somewhere in the neighborhood of Fort Sheridan.

He scanned the horizon with an anxiety which can scarcely be imagined in the search of the place of refuge.

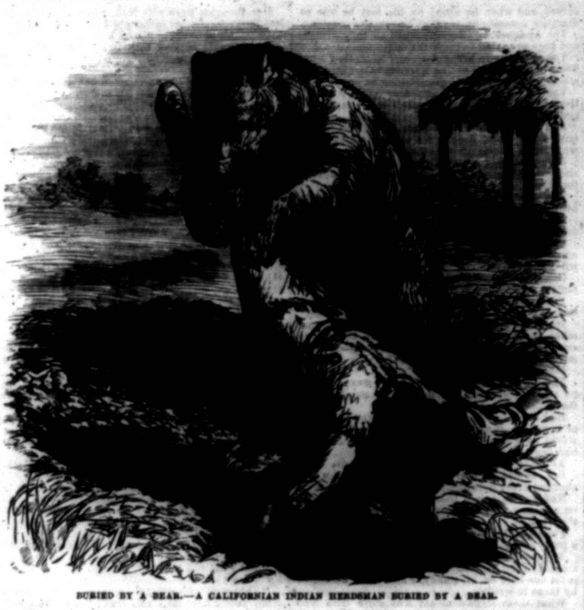
"Glory hallelujah! Praise the Lord!"

He could scarcely believe his senses until he had stared and rubbed his eyes several times, but there was the flag of Fort Sheridan floating in the morning breeze, less than half a mile away from the spot where he had halted.

Providence had indeed favored him; the one who, it would naturally be supposed, was the most likely to run into trouble, was the only one that succeeded in escaping the howling Apaches.

(To be continued.)

"Long Jim, the Scout" was commenced in No. 662.

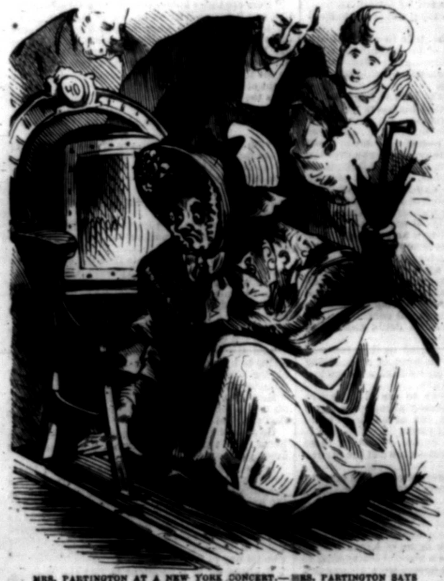


BURIED BY A BEAR.—A CALIFORNIAN INDIAN HERDSMAN BURIED BY A BEAR.

MRS. PARTINGTON AT A NEW YORK CONCERT.

WELL, gells, here you are again, and what do you want me to tell you now? What did I see and hear at the theaytres, and sich like? On course I went to the several theaytres, and Ike he dissuaded me to go to a consort as was called a Reuben-Shine. He said as how he read in the paper that Reuben-Shine was a pianny-player, and guv consorts with Wine-and-Whisky. I says "What! does he give all the aujence something to drink?" "No," says Ike, "Wine-and-Whisky is the name of a chap wot fiddles, and the papers says he plays more bully than an Ole Bull." "Well," says I, "I should hopes as how he did," for I couldn't fancy no Ole Bull a-playing on the fiddle, but I says, "Wine-and-Whisky is a very bad name for any one, and his parents did ought to be ashamed of themselves for a-givin' him sich a name, as couldn't never be surprised if he took to drink." Ike, he wants to go awful bad, and as I wouldn't let him go out nowhere alone arter wot I saw o' them brazen-faced waiter-gells, with the naked legs, as they have the imperence to call "beautiful Circus'uns," though I misbelieves none on 'em was ever in a circus at all, I has to go with. The consort were to be at Stoneway Hall. I dispose it's so called on account of a big stone staircase. Well, when we gets in, a young man dressed up very fine shows us our seats, which he is called a "husher," bekase he makes the people keep quiet. I sits down and looks about a bit, when the husher he comes by and asks me to stand up to let some ladies pass. It were an awful squeeze, for you knows I'm not very thin, but they gets through at last, and I goes to sit down again, when blest if I didn't go right down on the floor, and the people they all laffs, and when Ike helps me up, I finds that my seat had been and turned up quite flat against the back. I never seed sich a thing afore, but they tells me they're made that way for to make more room, which I says, "is all right for folks as is used to them, but they did ought to give warning to country people."

Presently there were a noise, and the aujence all clapped and stamped, and a thin-looking man, with feeturs what looked as though they'd been ironed flat, and a head several sizes too-big for his body, comes on and sits down at the pianny. His hair it hung down on his shoulders, and looked as if it had never known what it was to have a comb or brush put to it. They said this was Reuben-Shine, and he may be a pianny player, but I calls him a *pianny smasher*, for he don't play no tunes, nor nothin' nice, but seemed to be only a-tryin' how hard he could hit it. First, he lifts his hands as high as his head and brings them down smash; then he starts one hand up to one end and the other hand down to the other end; then he thumps about there for a bit, then he runs a race with the two hands, to see which 'll get to the middle first; when he gets there he stops quiet for a second, then he runs both hands down to one end and rattles like a drum; then he goes up to the other end and squeaks like a whistle, then he comes back to the middle and plays seesaw, one hand over the other, and gathering up all his strength, hits away as hard as he can, and kicks the pianny underneath to make more noise. He rests for a bit, quite "played out," and throws back his hair, which had covered his face, and mops up the desperation and begins again; but he ain't got much more strength, and plays so quiet you can't scarcely hear him, and he brings his own head quite close down to his hands, to hear whether he is making any sound at all. After a bit he gets his wind again, and then he goes at it like at first, only more so. After he gets through an old-looking woman, with died hair, as was dressed up like a young girl, comes out to sing, but laws! I couldn't make nothin' of it, and she seemed to be sayin' that "Gin in a body made a body cry," and at the word cry she gave an awful howl, as though she was took sick, at which the people all laffs; but I says, "Poor thing, if she's sick some one might help her off, as perhaps she knows how it is herself." Well, when she finished there weren't no applause, scarcely, but she goes away and comes back and cursted just for all the world as if every one were dilated.



MRS. PARTINGTON AT A NEW YORK CONCERT.—MRS. PARTINGTON SAYS THE SEATS HAVE NO BOTTOMS TO THEM.

Then there comes a very fat man with a fiddle under his arm, as was Wine-and-Whisky hisself. He plays a piece as is called the "Cannibal at Venus," who, you know, was a gell as never wore no clothes; and you see pictures of her a-coming out of a big shell as makes the boys call her "Venus on the half-shell." I disposes this piece is to represent a cannibal a-attemptin' to eat her, for it is full of cries and groans as sounds awful, and how he did saw at them strings! His hands were all over the place, as they may well call catgut, what would make you think as how fifty cats were having their detestines torn out. Then he pulls the strings with his fingers, just like one of these nigger ministers, and tries hard to make it sound as well as a bango, but it ain't no go, for it don't never seem half as good. After him the lady as sang before, and another one, sings a doit, which are all in some furin language as I can't make nothing on, but they seems to get very excited, and shakes themselves about a great deal, and stands on their tiptoes, as their dresses is very short in front, on purpose to show, as makes the top notes sound higher. Well, they gets almost to the end, they gives a long shake, then both turns half around, and looks down each other's throats, to see how much more is a-coming up, so that they may finish up together. Arter that were over, I wouldn't stay no longer, as I tells Ike he must come, for the playing may be very fine, but I says "I'd sooner hear our Sallie play Yankie Doodle, and, as for the singin', 'tain't half as good as we has down to meeting."

BURIED BY A BEAR.

A GENTLEMAN who arrived a few days ago from the lower country, California, where grizzly bears help the herders to take care of the sheep, relates a curious bear adventure which occurred to an Indian herdsman in his employ. He sent the man to a distant portion of a large ranch to look after a vary large herd of sheep. The Indian, at nightfall, got under a shed with a roof of branches, but open on all sides, and lay down in his blankets. After a few hours' sleep he was awakened by feeling the hot breath of some animal on his face. He moved his arms, and at once understood the situation—a huge bear was snuffling him.

The man, with great presence of mind, determined to keep perfectly still, for he knew if he moved or cried out, one blow of those huge paws would break his skull like a walnut.

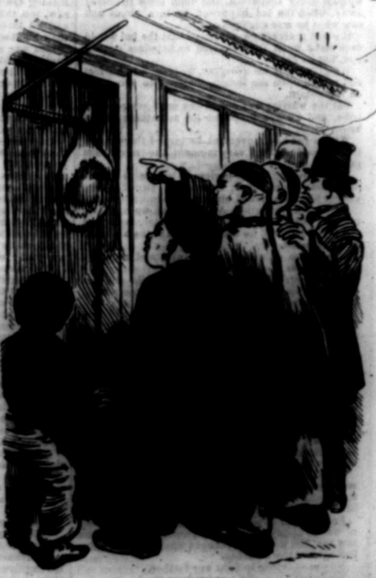
Bruin scratched off the blankets and seized the Indian by the leg. Though suffering terribly, the brave fellow did not allow a groan or cry to escape him. The bear dragged him from the hut for some distance, and then commenced to dig a hole to lay the Indian in and cover him up from the coyotes.

After the grave had been dug deep enough, the bear (contenting himself with about a pound of flesh from the victim's thigh) moved the body to the hole and covered it up.

The Indian managed to keep the earth over his face loose enough to allow him to breathe, and when the bear retired he crawled out toward the mustang, which was picketed some yards outside the hut. With great difficulty he mounted, and then rode toward the ranch house. A doctor was sent for, and pronounced the wounds, though severe and painful, not likely to prove fatal. The next day a hunt was organized, and the grizzly was killed in the neighborhood of the spot where he had stowed away his intended meal.

A CHINESE GAME.

AN ingenious tea-dealer in Boston some months ago secured a good deal of gratuitous advertising and profitable notoriety, at the same time gratifying the latent passion for indulgence in games of chance which seems to be a characteristic of the Boston citizen, and finds outlets in such odd games as "props" and in reckless investments in prize packages of confectionery, by placing in front of his shop a huge teakettle, to which was attached a placard offering a prize of a chest of tea to the person who should make the nearest guess to the capacity of the utensil. This idea has been adopted and improved upon by the ingenious Chinese residents of Cleveland, Ohio, who have introduced a style of gambling somewhat analogous. The prizes are a coat, a hat, and a pair of shoes. The awards are made as follows: A piece of pork is suspended by a string from a window, so that all passers-by can have a fair view of it. Any one who wishes may buy a ticket of the operator of the scheme, venture a guess at the weight of the pork, and take his chance of winning a prize by the nearest second or third guess. The game is said be to very popular.



A CHINESE GAME.

THE HEIR OF CASTLETON.

A WOMAN tall, and with a Juno-like majesty of figure, a face classically beautiful, with heavy hair like burnished gold, large violet eyes shaded by golden lashes, and a complexion of creamy whiteness, absolutely colorless.

A man tall and long-limbed, with wide chest and a grand head, rugged of feature, with soft, large eyes of deepest brown, that could melt like a very woman's or flash like a tiger's.

A vine-covered porch, dim in the evening light; beyond, a brilliantly-lighted ballroom, filled with guests, and the strains of a Strauss waltz floating out and wrapping the two in melody.

They might have spoken in trumpet tones and been unheard, but Guy Raymond's voice sank to a whisper as he bent over the golden-haired woman beside him.

"You trust me, Eoline?" he said.

For answer she echoed his own words.

"Trust you! Heaven help me, I have no one else I can trust."

"Do you think there is any suspicion aroused! My uncle, my mother, do they guess our secret?"

"No one suspects it yet. I think, Guy, that Claire is a little jealous."

"Little Claire," he said, with a world of tenderness in his voice, "it will be hard, perhaps, for her when she knows the truth. Well, well!"

"When do you go, Guy?"

"To-morrow."

He took the white-gloved hand that rested upon the balcony railing and lifted it to his lips.

"Remember," he said, "you have promised to trust me. I swear to you here and now, that whatever temptations beset me, whatever appearance may be against me, I will be true to you."

Then resting one hand upon the railing, he sprang lightly over into the garden, sauntered slowly down a flower-bordered path round the house, and entered the ballroom by another window, where a moment later he was whirling round with one of the tulle-draped belles of the evening upon his arm.

The woman he had left watched him through the lace-shadowed window, and her eyes were full of a deep trouble as she murmured:

"He is noble and good, and he has promised to be true to me. And yet—the temptations will be strong to betray what he knows of my secret—can I trust him?"

"Can you tell me where Miss Seymour is?" a voice asked, very near the window, and Eoline stepped across the sill and answered for herself.

"I am here, Mrs. Raymond."

The lady who had spoken drew closer to her, saying, hurriedly:

"Mr. Castleton is asking for you. I am sorry to call you from the dancing."

"You see I am not dancing," she replied; "I will go to Mr. Castleton at once."

As she had stepped in the room, a little figure that had been crouching, all unseen, in the shaded corner of the porch, sprang forward where the light from the window fell full upon her tiny figure.

She was very pale, with large black eyes flashing ominously, and her hands were tightly clinched.

"True to you, Eoline Seymour," she muttered. "False friends! False lovers! Little Claire! Does he dare to pity me? I will teach him that I am not the weak baby he considers me. I am a woman, too if not so fair a one as Eoline!"

Yet as she, too, crossed the window-sill and entered the ballroom, it would have been hard to find, even amongst the crowd of fair women around her, one more beautiful than Claire Farnsworth. She was small and exquisitely proportioned, with the feet and hands of a Titania, a graceful head crowned with lustrous black hair, eyes large and soft as any Oriental beauty's, and a complexion dark and satiny, where the rich color mantled with every passing emotion, and varied with every change of the large, expressive eyes.

Her appearance at the window was the signal for a gathering of the gentlemen of the party, to solicit the pleasure of waltzing with her, and her color rose gradually to its habitual vivid beauty, under the flatteries and attentions by which she was surrounded.

In the whole State of Virginia, that garden land of Nature's choice, where the flowers have all the Southern beauty of tint, all the Northern fragrance of perfume, there could not have been found a lovelier home than the house where the guests were speeding the hours by music and dance, while in the quiet of the sick-room, quite at the other end of the large house, the host struggled with pain. Every acre of the vast estate was in perfect cultivation, and the house itself reared a white marble front and wide stone walls, in the midst of a grove of stately trees that, forming a long, wide avenue in front, stretched out in a projecting circle on all sides. Inside, the appointments spoke eloquently of wealth and taste, and Castleton's hospitality was a byword in all the neighboring counties.

The owner of the noble estate, and an income of some twenty thousand dollars a year, had inherited the wealth by which he was surrounded from father and grandfather, both only sons, and in turn had one son born to him, left motherless in the first weeks of his life.

It was a bitter blow to Horace Castleton when his fair-haired wife was laid under the daisies; but the child himself never lacked motherly care. Mrs. Raymond, the only sister of Horace Castleton, herself a widow with one son, came to the desolated home, and filled a true, loving parent's place to the boy-heir.

Guy, her child, was one year older than his cousin Nelson, and the boys grew up together, brothers in all but name, knowing no difference in love or care from the father of the one or mother of the other, sharing alike in every advantage and pleasure, with scarcely a thought unshared, though they were unlike in form and feature, and utterly so in disposition.

The widowed father, a resolute, stern man, whose will was absolute law in the household, had never indulged even his wife as he did the boy who was to inherit his name and wealth.

Before the child was out of petticoats, his father was planning his future. An education such as befitted a gentleman of leisure and wealth, a tour in Europe—above all, a wife of equal birth and wealth, one of the daughters of the proud old Virginia families who were neighbors and friends of the inmates of Castleton. The boy grew up a slender stripling, delicately featured, sensitive and proud, with rare intellectual gifts, and a beauty that was almost effeminate, save for the firmly-cut mouth, and large, flashing eyes that were all Casleton. Never had a rough word fallen upon his ears, never a whim been crossed, when the boys, son and nephew, left their home for Harvard College, to pass four years of study, before starting upon the long-planned European tour.

Three of these years were over, Guy winning fewer laurels than Nelson, though foremost in all athletic sports, when the first rupture between father and son occurred.

In the same house where the cousins boarded in Cambridge there was a fair-haired girl, only seventeen, already thrown, orphaned and friendless, upon the cold charities of the world. A niece of the landlady, she had come to Cambridge to procure serving, while she tried to perfect her musical studies to fit herself for a teacher. In the small parlor of the boarding-house the old, old story was told that bound Nelson Castleton's heart fast to that of the young seamstress, and, in a loving moment, sure of his father's indulgence, he coaxed her to agree to a quiet wedding.

It would be simply impossible to give any idea of the bitter wrath of Horace Castleton when the letter announcing his son's marriage reached him.

It's very tone of happy assurance was an additional insult, for Nelson wrote as if his father's pleasure would equal his own. Never had the sister, the confidante of all the old man's troubles, seen him so moved by deep wrath. After the first loud burst of rage was over, she hoped he would forgive his son, but a deep, settled bitterness took the place of the violent wrath.

There was an added sting in the arrival during Nelson's absence of a distant cousin of the family, who had been left an orphan, and whose mother, on her deathbed, had written to confide her to Mrs. Raymond's care. Here was a wife of whom the old man could have been proud, if not fond, for Claire Farnsworth united in her tiny form the advantages of beauty and family, her father being a connection of the Castletons, and her mother the daughter of a French nobleman. From the hour when she came to Castleton the master of the house planned a marriage between this beautiful girl and his son, and now, by his unfilial haste, Nelson had overthrown all his schemes.

In deepest bitterness of spirit he wrote to his son:

"You have insulted me by your choice of a wife—a nobody, a *seamstress*—for the mistress of Castleton, and you are no longer son of mine. I place ten thousand dollars to your account at my banker's, that you may not be thrown penniless upon the world, but I forbid you ever to look upon my face again."

He was an old man even when his hand penned the cruel and unforgiving words, but he aged in the next year more than in any ten of his previous life. His heart cried out for his son, in the night-watches and the day's brightness, and his pride and resentment crushed down the hungry longing for a sight of the handsome face.

Guy came home after his college course, alone, and brought his earnest pleading for his cousin's pardon, only to meet a stern denial of his prayers.

The letter of repudiation had brought no answer from Nelson, no apology, no cringing to his father, and the stern old man may have hoped for these. The money lay untouched at the banker's, while the petted heir of Castleton was earning his bread as a teacher of Latin; but Horace Castleton heard Guy's representations without any softening of his stern face.

"He has chosen his own path—let him walk in it," he said; "henceforth you and Claire are my children."

It was useless to try to move this stern resolve, and Guy hoped patiently for time to bring some relenting feelings. He owed his uncle all the brightness of his whole life, and he endeavored by most patient love to fill the place of the absent son. He was a tender, devoted nephew, but he was not Nelson! One was tall, plain-featured, but grandly proportioned, the other all slender grace and refinement. Yet in both bosoms beat the same noble, generous heart, both were chivalrous, gallant gentlemen, full of honorable aspirations.

Early in the year of Guy's return, before the May blossoms were off the fruit-trees, Mr. Castleton was taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and lay for many weeks hovering upon the brink of the grave. Guy and Mrs. Raymond were his faithful nurses, while Claire wandered restlessly about the great house, wondering if her inheritance was soon to be within her grasp.

She had dropped so suddenly into this promise of a share in Castleton's wealth—this petted Southern beauty—that the shock had hardened her entire nature. From a baby she had been the spoiled darling of a luxurious home, with slaves to wait upon her every moment, with no ambition beyond her own comfort, no desire to gain information, no noble aspiration or hope. As she grew older, she worked faithfully to acquire some showy accomplishment in order to shine in society, and her great beauty, her clear, well-cultivated voice, her brilliant performances upon the harp made her a belle during the one Winter she passed in New Orleans. Then, orphaned and penniless suddenly, she was taken to her uncle's home, where her active brain soon found food for scheming.

She knew that she was beautiful, that her tiny figure and soft complexion made her appear years younger than her actual age, and that she would probably inherit something of her uncle's fortune. But she coveted it all! Castleton was far more beautiful than her old home in Louisiana, and her uncle's wealth was well secured. Nelson and Guy were far away, and she schemed to supplant them. She caressed, wheedled, and coaxed her uncle, and he gave her for her devotion an intense, ill-concealed dislike.

It was evident that her first plan was a failure, but Mrs. Raymond gave motherly affection to the orphan child, and Mr. Castleton was gravely courteous and hospitable. So her busy brain worked out another plan.

One of the young men must inherit Castleton, and she would win the heir. It was soon evident that Guy was the chosen one, and Claire brought all the force of her charms to bear upon his heart.

He was so far from her ideal that at first she was half resolved to throw aside her plans. Then the tall figure became noble in her sight, there was a charm in the rugged face she had never found in more perfect features, the large eyes were full of winning light, and she forgot Castleton and the inheritance, when her whole heart went out in worshiping love to Guy Raymond.

And he, finding the bright tropical bird in his home-nest, took it to his heart, and gave love for love. He was too sincere himself to suspect deceit in others, and he never questioned the guileless sweetness, the winning charms of his young cousin. Very soon after Guy's return, his uncle, in defiance of his own failing strength and bitter heart-ache, insisted upon opening a season of gayety at Castleton, and guests were bidden from far and near. It was hard to judge which was more popular, the strong-featured Guy, or his wee-witching cousin Claire.

To all who asked for the absent heir, the old man had but one stern answer:

"I have no son."

It was after the Spring had fled when Mr. Castleton was yet very feeble, and but partially recovered from his illness, that Eoline Seymour came to Castleton. No one but Guy knew from whence she came, or what was her claim to the hospitality of his home; but Mrs. Raymond had invited her after her son had made the request, and, if she guessed the truth, kept her own counsel.

It was evident to all who came to Castleton that the new-comer was an honored guest. She was very beautiful, with graceful, high-bred manners, and a winsome gentleness. Yet she was reserved in company, and there was a pride in her bearing that suited well her regal beauty.

The aged man who was dying slowly from the separation from his only son, the pain of his own stern decree, became fondly attached to the new-comer.

He had become so feeble that he did not question her about her sudden appearance in his house, content to see her lovely face near him, content to hear her sweet, even voice, and see the tenderness in her eyes and touch for his infirmities.

It was part of the implacable pride that had banished his son that made Horace Castleton insist, in spite of his illness, upon frequent festivities at Castleton, where Claire and Eoline reigned as belles, rivaling each other in the splendor of their beauty.

It was while July was scorching up the June roses that the party was given, that roused all the tigerish jealousy of Claire's shallow nature.

From the day when Eoline had first come to Castleton, the little brunette had experienced many a heart-pang. It was evident that Guy had some secret understanding with the fair stranger, and Claire was only too sure that it was love that prompted his attentions, and made Eoline's eyes brighten at his approach.

For weeks before her coming, Claire had seen mysterious letters directed to Guy, the perusal of which often agitated him greatly. Some were in a bold, masculine hand, some were in the dainty writing of a lady, but he never spoke of their contents, though the arrival of each one left him with a clouded brow and troubled heart for hours, and even days afterward.

Eoline was his friend. Even the invitation from Mrs. Raymond did not blind Claire, and her heart grew bitter with angry jealousy as she noted her uncle's pleasure in the society of the beautiful blonde. All her flatteries had never won for her the cordial smile Mr. Castleton gave Eoline, and his tones were never so gentle for his own relative as for this stranger who had come so suddenly amongst them.

"Guy is afraid a marriage with me will displease his uncle, who hates me," Claire thought, "and he has brought this girl here to win his affections before he acknowledges his own love for her."

And yet, in all her suspicions, in all her jealous agony, she could not control her own love for Guy. She told herself it was hopeless, that he loved Eoline; but one glance from his radiant eyes, one word of tenderness from his deep, tender voice, brought the happy light to her face, and new hope to her heart. Not until the whispered conversation upon the balcony reached her listening ears did she despair.

She had seen her cousin leave the ballroom with Eoline upon his arm, and she had crept up to her hiding-place by another window to hear enough of their words to satisfy her that they were lovers. Some reason existed for hiding their engagement, but Claire no longer doubted that she was forsaken for the love of Eoline, that Guy's tender chivalry toward herself was all a mask to hide his true love, and that the mysterious journey of the morrow at which they had hinted was to gain some point to win her uncle's consent to the marriage.

She was almost mad with her jealous fury as she smiled upon one and another of her cavaliers, and waltzed with her usual airy grace.

Twice Guy came to claim her hand, to meet a smiling, gracious refusal, upon plea of prior engagement.

Knowing nothing of her suspicions, he was fairly puzzled by this new phase of coquetry, and grew gloomily silent, watching her. Eoline, too, had vanished, and his mother looked anxious and preoccupied.

The supper was over and the guests thinning rapidly when Mrs. Raymond drew near her son.

"Your uncle is much worse, Guy. Thank heaven, this gathering is nearly over."

"Worse! Can I get to Richmond and back, mother, before——"

He paused. The ominous word faltered on his lips and died away in silence.

"I cannot tell. I have been in agony all the evening. What will be said, if he is really dying, and we dancing here?"

"He insisted that the ball should not be put off. What does the doctor say?"

"That he may live six weeks and may die in less than six hours. His vitality and resistance to disease are something marvelous, but he is very ill."

"I will start at once for Richmond. Mother, I am bound to secrecy, but do you not guess my errand?"

"I think I know whose cause you are fighting for, Guy. My blessing go with you. I will tell Eoline you have gone."

"Do so, and mother, keep Eoline beside my uncle. I ask no greater boon of heaven this night than that Uncle Horace may love Eoline, our Eoline."

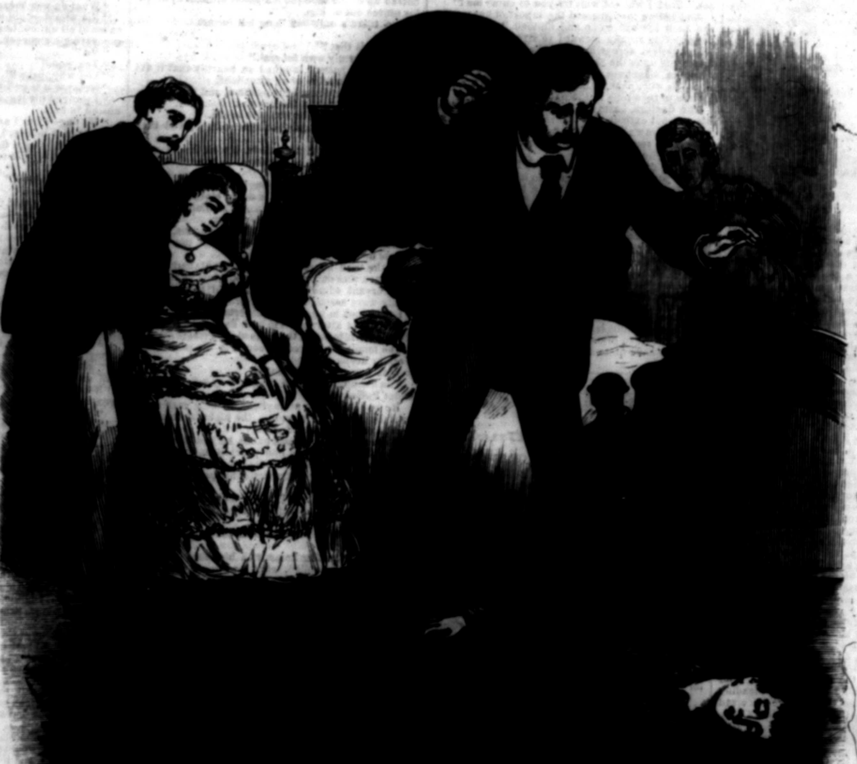
And Claire passing the two, heard only these last words:

"Our Eoline!"

It rung in her heart as she rapidly traversed the hall to her own room, and the demons of avarice and jealousy tore bitterly at the refrain, "Our Eoline!"

If her uncle was dying he would consent to the marriage of Guy and Eoline, and leave Castleton to them. He hated her. Claire knew well that the keen-sighted old man had read her scheming heart and brain like an open book, and that only his sense of duty to her dead mother kept her place under his roof.

As Guy's wife she might hope to reign at Castleton, but not from any love Horace Castleton felt for her. Her brain was whirling with angry excitement. She did not know that Guy had already gone to Richmond; she only knew that Eoline was watch-



THE HEIR OF CASTLETON.—"GUY SPRANG FORWARD TO ARREST HER, BUT SHE FELL SENSELESS ACROSS HIS FEET, THE CUP SHIVERING TO FRAGMENTS UPON THE FLOOR."

ing the dying man; she only realized that Guy and Eoline would probably inherit Castleton, to her exclusion.

Oh! how she hated the majestic blonde who had come to win her lover's heart from her! The morning had come, the early Summer dawn, and the birds were twittering under her window as she stood thinking over her wrongs and fears.

She had not changed her dress, and the shimmering gold-colored satin caught the first rays of the rising sun as a reflection of his own glory. She was pale and haggard with her night's anguish, and still standing beside the open window, when her aunt came in softly.

“Not abed, Claire?” she cried.

“I could not sleep. How is Mr. Castleton?”

“Very low. I am going now to order some coffee for Eoline.”

“I will go. Rest here, auntie. You look worn out.”

In the darkened room where Horace Castleton lay waiting for death, Eoline, still in the fleecy white ball-dress, was moving to and fro, intent upon ministering to the comfort of the invalid. The soft lace of her dress over sheer white muslin made no rustle as she moved, and the flowers in her hair gave her colorless, pure face an added beauty.

The old man watched her with tender, loving eyes. She had been reading to him, and was shading the rays of the morning sun at the window when Claire came in with a cup of fragrant coffee.

“Thanks, dear Claire,” Eoline whispered; “will you set it upon the table?”

“Drink a little while it is hot,” Claire urged; “it will strengthen you.”

Mechanically, Eoline obeyed, drinking a portion of the coffee, and putting the rest aside. She was worn with a strain of hope and fear she did not dare express, and the stimulant braced her pleasantly. She turned to thank Claire, but she was gone. A feeble voice from the bed summoned her.

“Eoline!”

“I am here,” she answered, crossing the room to the side of the invalid.

“Where is Guy?”

“He will be here before night.”

“Before night! Has he gone away?”

“He has gone to Richmond.”

“To-day, when I am so ill?”

“He went away last night after the ball.”

“Eoline, you love Guy?”

“As a dear friend, sir—no more. All my love was given to another before I knew Guy. May I tell you of him, sir?”

There was no answer save in the stained eyes and trembling hands of the aged man.

Softly on the hush of the room fell Eoline's story.

“I was very young, very desolate, when I first met him, and he gave me a tender courtesy that awakened at first my keenest gratitude. He was wealthy, a student at a large college, and boarded with my aunt. I was poor, sewing for daily bread, and helping my aunt in household cares, yet he gave me the deferential courtesy he might have offered a queen, and finally bestowed upon me the treasure of his love. I was very young, a mere child, knowing nothing of the world, and he was so noble, so true, so far above me, that I never questioned him when he asked me to be his wife, gladly going to his loving care, unaware of the price he was paying for my sake. I never knew, oh, believe me—I never knew there was any wrong in what I did. We made ourselves a little home, and I tried to make my husband's life a happy one, but there was a sadness at his heart my love could not remove. At first I could not probe this secret sorrow, but after we had been married more than six months my husband told me the story of his life. He was the only son of a father whom he loved, almost idolized, and he was cast out from his father's heart for devotion to me. He told me of his longing for his father's love and forgiveness. He would not seek him because he was wealthy, and he feared he might be accused of striving only to regain his patrimony. Day after day he told me of the love of his father for his boy, the boy's worship of his only parent. Day after day the weary longing for forgiveness grew stronger, till I knew there could be no happiness for his life unless the curse laid upon him could be replaced by his father's blessing. So, sir, loving him utterly, I left him, to seek to turn aside his father's anger. We had one true friend in the cousin who had been his brother from infancy, and he made my welcome in the father's home. And now,” and she knelt, raising her sweet, pleading face, “will you forgive me that I have deceived you, and will you forgive the son who loves you, for this disobedience?”

“Eoline, *you* his wife, and *he*—where is he? Where is my son?”

“In Richmond, waiting for Guy. Guy, who has been our true friend. Guy, who has gone to bring him to you, father!”

“Nelson!” said the old man, with a quiver in his voice of mingled hope and pain, “I shall see my boy again before I die! He was too proud, Eoline! He should have written again!”

“Let us forget the past,” she answered, gently. “There will be a future of love and peace for you and for him.”

“And Guy was your friend. God bless him!”

“Our true friend through all. He alone knew my secret. He brought Nelson to Richmond to wait the result of my visit—the visit I hoped to end in reconciliation.”

“Yes, yes! I hope they will come soon. You are very weary, Eoline.”

The young wife, who had struggled against weariness in many a night-watch in the sick-room, did not answer. A strange numb lassitude she could not conquer had seized upon every limb; her head was heavy with ringing noises in her ears, and she sank back in the great armchair beside the bed, utterly unable to resist the heavy drowsiness that held her.

A deep silence fell upon the room. Eoline slept profoundly, and Mr. Castleton, unwilling to raise her, listened for every step. It was but two hours ride to Richmond by rail, and less than half an hour's carriage-drive to the nearest station.

Guy had started early, and there was a train that should bring him back by noon. The hours crept by with leaden feet. Mrs. Raymond came in with the invalid's breakfast, moving softly in answer to his whispered caution not to disturb Eoline. The usual noises of the house sounded about the room, but the sleeper never moved or spoke.

As the little mantel clock chimed twelve, the rapid roll of wheels was distinctly heard through the open window, and Mrs. Raymond opened the bedroom-door.

“My son, Nelson!” cried Mr. Castleton, trying to rise, “has he come?”

For answer there was a cry of:

“Father! father!”—and Nelson Castleton was beside the father who had driven him from the house with a curse.

There was no spoken word of plea or pardon. Clasped fast in each other's arms, father and son knew that the past was forgiven, and there was only love in the hearts of both. Mrs. Raymond had found her son, and, in a few hurried words, warned him against allowing too much agitation in the sick room. Together they entered there, to find Nelson kneeling under his father's outstretched hands, and stood silent with bowed heads, while the paternal blessing replaced the curse.

“Guy,” the old man said, extending his hand, “in my desk is the will—the will that disinherits my son.”

A shade paler, but with a smile in his large dark eyes, Guy opened the desk, and in a moment had touched a lighted match to the paper and thrown it into the empty grate. There was deep silence in the room as it shriveled to a black mass, and Mr. Castleton whispered:

“You will care for Guy and Claire, Nelson.”

“My brother knows I will never wrong him,” Nelson said, softly; “but, father, how profoundly Eoline sleeps! All this bustle has not aroused her!”

“She has been up all night,” Mrs. Raymond said.

“But she is ghastly pale! Eoline! Eoline, I am here. Eoline, dear wife!”

“Your wife! Your wife!”

The words broke in a scream from a voice far in the other end of the room, where Claire was just entering. Her large eyes dilated with horror, her very lips colored as she cried again:

“Your wife?—She will never waken again. I gave her laudanum—poison! I thought Guy loved her! She is dead! dead! Oh, Guy, kill me! No, do not look at me so! Do not shrink with horror from me. See! I will not wait for you to curse me!”

And before they guessed the import of her words, she took the coffee-cup and drained it to the very dregs. Guy sprang forward to arrest her, but she fell senseless across his feet, the cup shivering to fragments upon the floor.

In the meantime Nelson was frantically calling upon his wife, chafing her cold hands, and striving in vain to recall life to the pallid face.

The doctors, hastily summoned, pronounced that life was not extinct, and before sunset, the fair wife who had drawn so near the edge of the grave was once more smiling upon her husband, and restored to those who loved her.

But the mad hand that had been lifted for a murderer's work was never again to move for good or evil. The poison, of which Eoline had taken only a portion, Claire had drained in its full strength, and the long faint that followed her rash act ended only in the deep sleep that preceded death.

Mr. Castleton lived for several weeks, his deathbed soothed by the ministration of the son he loved, and the daughter, whose devotion had so nearly cost her her life.

Guy mourned for the ideal he had loved in Claire, but when his uncle died, he found that a new will made him independent, though Nelson inherited Castleton. With his mother he traveled through Europe, and Eoline is expecting his return soon with a fair American bride he met in Paris, and whose blue eyes have quite driven away the memory of his first love.

◆

ELI AND TIP;

OR,

“Wanted, an Uncle.”

THE SUMMER ADVENTURES OF TWO GREENHORNS IN NEW YORK.

By JACK MANLEY.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ELI WAKES UP AND FINDS HIMSELF DEAD.

WE will now return to Mr. Eli Skillings, of Cuttyhunk, with an ample apology for our impolite neglect.

Happily for himself and his friends, as well as the admiring public who are awaiting a continuation of his adventures, he had sustained no serious injuries.

An hour's attention on the part of the efficient attendants at Bellevue Hospital sufficed to restore him to consciousness.

But his adventure left him so weak that he sank into an untroubled slumber, without knowing, or, for the matter of that, caring much where he was.

So when he woke with the morning sun, which shines for all, inside of hospitals and out, streaming in on him, he looked about him in no little surprise.

The white walls, the clean cots, and the pallid faces of the other patients, all formed so new and strange a sight to him, that at first he thought he was dreaming.

A voice from the next cot, however, apprised him that he was awake.

The voice proceeded from a pale-faced man with a bandage around his head, who said, politely:

“Good-morning, sir.”

“Good-morning,” responded Eli.

“How do you feel this morning?”

“First-rate.”

“That's good. We were afraid, when you were first brought in last night, that you might be seriously injured.”

“Where was I brought from?”

“From the Mercer Street station-house, I heard a nurse say.”

“And how did I get there?”

“You were taken there after your rescue from the fire.”

“My rescue from what fire?”

“The great fire in Washington Square. Here it is in the paper.”

And the sociable patient handed our friend a copy of a morning paper, open at an article headed in big black type:

ANOTHER HOLOCAUST.

Colossal Conflagration in Washington Square.

LAMBERT'S HOTEL BURNED.

Death at Work in the Blazing Ruins.

RESCUE OF A LODGER.

AWFUL FATE OF THE RESCUER.

“There's the account about you,” said his neighbor.

And he pointed out a paragraph which read:

“In the midst of the conflagration cries were heard emanating from a third-story room, and a gallant youth, whose name our reporter has ascertained to be Eli Skillings, of Cuttyhunk, Mass., went to the rescue.

“Climbing up one of the trees in the park, he swung himself in through the open window of the room from which the cries proceeded.

“Fire-ladders were raised and assistance sent up to him. By the most strenuous and daring exertions the person who had called for help was rescued insensible and removed in safety.

“This had scarcely been accomplished when the walls fell, and the heroic youth but for whom the rescued man might have perished was buried in the crashing ruins.

“The name of the man saved has not been ascertained, but he is in Bellevue Hospital and doing well. At latest accounts the body of Mr. Skillings had not been recovered.”

Eli perused this astonishing news item with a very clearly defined idea that he was going crazy.

He read it over half a dozen times, and then said to his neighbor:

“I wish you would do me a favor.”

“With pleasure,” returned the other invalid.

“Stick a pin in me, will you?”

“Do what?”

“Or pinch me, or hit me in the eye; I won't strike back.”

“But what do you want me to do that for?”

“To wake me up.”

“You are awake.”

“I can't be.”

“But I tell you you are.”

“The paper must be a liar, then.”

“Why?”

“It says Eli Skillings is dead, don't it?”

“Yes, poor fellow.”

“Then I can't be awake here.”

“But why?”

“Because I am Eli Skillings.”

“Nonsense!”

“I am, I assure you.”

And as well as he could Eli related what had occurred up to the time the indignant fireman squirted his senses out of him.

“So there's only one thing left for me to do,” he said.

“What is that?”

“To order my own funeral.”

The polite patient laughed so heartily that it attracted the attention of an attendant.

To him Eli explained his position, and the attendant summoned one of the doctors.

Then the story had to be told again.

The doctor summoned another official, and that one another.

So, to make a long story short, it took the delegate from Cuttyhunk till nearly dark to prove that he was not dead.

As he was quite well enough to go out by that time, he was furnished with a suit of clothes in place of those he had come in with, and which were utterly ruined, and permitted to depart.

He went at once to Doctor Potts's house, where he hoped to obtain some information of the whereabouts of his friends.

By the time he reached there night had fallen, and there was only a dim light burning in the hall.

A servant admitted him, and told him that the family were assembled in the library.

Let us look in upon that gathering.

Early that afternoon Tip and Barney had sought Doctor Potts to break the news of Eli's tragic demise.

The family had already seen it in the paper, and were in despair.

With one exception, that is.

The exception, as the reader may infer, was Mr. Peter Potts.

He had turned up at daylight, looking very much as if he had been spending the night in company with a cage full of wild cats.

The ruffians into whose hands he had intended to deliver Eli had treated him precisely as he had desired their victim to be treated.

Only, as we know, the victim happened to be the real plotter himself.

At daylight Captain Thunder had turned up, having been discovered and released by some of the attendants at the gaming-house.

Of course Mr. Potts was then recognized and set free.

He was returning home with his heart full of bitterness at being foiled, when he bought a paper.

And learned, to his delight, that the fire had avenged him on his enemy at last.

The lamentations of his relatives and of Eli's friends were therefore sweet to his ears.

As he himself expressed it:

“They were nuts to him.”

He liked them so well that, instead of going out after dinner, as usual, he loafed around the house, listening to the sorrowful expressions and chuckling to himself in high glee.

After dinner the doctor, Tip, Barney and the young ladies were gathered, as has been stated, speaking in low tones of their dead friend, when Mr. Potts's delight became too unseemly to be endured further.

“You had better go to your own room,” said his father.

“What for?” demanded his son.

“To enjoy yourself in your own company. Such heartlessness as yours is revolting.”

“It is simply shameful,” said Stella.

“Well, I don't think so,” remarked Peter. “I hated the fellow, and why shouldn't I be glad he's dead?”

“Faith, ye'll wish ye wor in the same box av I ever ketch ye outside,” murmured Barney. “Ye may be glad if ye don't be haunted by his spook, that's all.”

“Pshaw!” said Mr. Potts, “I'm not afraid of him alive, let alone his ghost.”

“All the better for you, thin.”

“Maybe it is. Send along your ghosts, anyhow; I'd like to see one.”

At this moment, the door opened silently on its well-oiled hinges.

Mr. Potts, who was facing it, glared at the figure which appeared in the opening with horror-stricken eyes.

His face became ashy pale, he trembled from head to foot, and his teeth began to chatter.

The rest of the party, amazed at this extraordinary demonstration, started to their feet with a cry of surprise.

As they did so, Mr. Peter Potts fell on his knees, shrieking:

“Let up on me! I take it all back! Only forgive me and don't haunt me, and I'll never do so again!”

“What ails you?” cried his father.

“It's him. It's his ghost come to haunt me.”

And the wretched young rascal, driven frantic by terror, rolled in a fit at the feet of Eli Skillings, who had just entered.

CHAPTER XXX.

ELI MAKES FRIENDS WITH AN ENEMY.

MR. PETER POTTS was not the only person in the company to whom the sudden appearance of him whom they were all thinking of as dead brought consternation.

Barney O'Reirdon, for instance, was a spectacle of almost as great terror as Eli's arch-enemy himself.

At sight of his friend the Irishman snatched up a firescreen, which happened to be the most convenient weapon at hand.

Then jumping on the table, he brandished the screen wildly about, shouting:

“Kape off! Howly Murther! Kape off, I say!”

Tip, on his part, was, as he afterward confessed, “almost scared to death,” too.

With one long glance at Eli, he dropped on his knees and crawled under the table, on top of which the Irishman was dancing a species of crazy jig.

As for the doctor and the young ladies, they had too much sense to be frightened, but they were actually dumbfounded with astonishment.

It is impossible to say how long this state of suspense might have continued if the table had not refused to sustain Mr. O'Reirdon any longer.

As it was, he was in the middle of his jig when all four legs gave way at once.

The superstructure descended on Tip, crushing him flat, while the Irishman, who, by a marvel of equilibrium had managed to keep his footing, continued his dance.

“Well, upon my word!” exclaimed Eli, in amazement.

“Howly floi! it speaks!” yelled Barney.

“Let me hup! let me hup!” screeched Tip.

“Are you all crazy?” asked Eli. “What ails this chap?”

And he stirred Mr. Potts with his foot.

“He's got the collywobbles,” responded Barney. “Sure he ain't used to seein' ghosts.”

“Who's a ghost?”

“Faith, you are.”

“What do you mean by that? What ails him?”

“I'm afraid you'll have to consider yourself the cause of all our confusion,” remarked Doctor Potts, recovering his speech.

“Me!”

“Yes, you.”

“And why, pray?”

“Because it is you who frightened him.”

Eli slapped his leg, as if an idea had suddenly occurred to him.

“By jingo! but I am a fool,” he said. “I never thought of it before.”

“Of your being a fool?”

“No; but of your supposing me dead. I suppose you did?”

“We did, indeed.”

“Well, I'm not.”

“We can see that.”

And the doctor shook him warmly by the hand.

Barney, who, much to Tip's relief, had closed his saltatorial exercises, and permitted the young Englishman to get up, viewed this proceeding with wonder, not unmixed with dread.

“An' you're not dead, afther all, Masther Eli?” he said.

“Well, I don't feel so.”

“Are ye sure of it?”

“I'm willing to buy pools on it.”

“Thin all I can say, sor, is, glory to God!”

And the Irishman leaped into his young friend's arms.

“Masther Eli,” he said, and the boy felt his tears fall on his hand, “'tis little ye know of Barney O'Reirdon. But there's one thing I'd loike to have yez undherstand.”

“What's that?”

“Will yez promise it now?”

“Of course, if I can.”

“Well, then, sor, the next toime yez have to die lave me do it for yez.”

In the meantime the doctor had run for help and laid his son out on a lounge.

Peter Potts was a bad nut to crack, even in his unconsciousness, and it was an hour before he opened his eyes.

When he did so, and they lighted on Eli, the old frightened expression came into them again.

Our friend noticed it and stepped to his side.

“Don't let me scare you,” he said, reassuringly.

Mr. Potts's teeth chattered and he mumbled something, which might as well have been unspoken, for it was inaudible.

He, however, grasped the hand Eli extended to him.

“Mr. Skillings,” he said, hesitatingly.

“That's my name,” replied Eli.

“I have wronged you much.”

“Don't mention it.”

“But I will.”

“Suit yourself, then.”

“I have striven to injure you, and without cause.”

“Well, you haven't been very successful, you know.”

“No, and I'm glad of it. And now, sir, if you will permit me, I would like to ask a great favor of you.”

“Name it, and it is granted.”

“Forgive me?”

“Forgive you?”

“Yes, pardon me.”

And Peter Potts fell on his knees, and seizing the hand of the person he had striven so hard to wrong, pressed it fervently to his lips.

Eli Skilling's would not have been the good-hearted fellow he was if he had permitted this act to pass unrewarded.

He clasped Mr. Peter Potts's hand in a warm grip and said:

“Then henceforth we are friends.”

“If you please,” replied Peter, humbly.

“Faith, Masther Eli, are yez makin' up wid that omadhaun?” asked Barney.

“I am.”

“'Tis a big fool yez are, I'm thinkin'.”

“Well, I don't mind being a fool for the sake of a little peace in the family.”

“Perhaps yez are roight.”

And extending a paw to Mr. Potts, Barney continued:

“How are yez to-day?”

Mr. Potts took the extended hand doubtfully by the ends of the fingers.

“Arrah, yez needn't be afraid of thim,” said Barney. “They won't go off. Give 'em a good shake, for I forgive yez.”

“You what?”

“I forgive yez.”

“Forgive me what?”

“Oh, well, all the harm ye done.”

“But I never did any harm to you.”

“Thin, all the harm ye didn't do.”

And Barney gave Mr. Potts's hand a fervent twist, which nearly wrenched it off.

He had just dropped it when Tip advanced and took it in his turn.

Peter was beginning to be impatient, and would have withdrawn it, but the young Englishman held it firmly, and as he worked it up and down like a pumphandle, said:

“Mister Potts, my name his 'Enery Tippens.”

“Well, what of it?” asked Peter Potts, impatiently.

"'Ave you hany hobjections to the name?"

"Not that I know of."

"Then, sir, I forgive you heverythink. Bless you, hand may you be 'appy."

"Since everybody is in such a forgiving mood," said Stella, laughing, "I may as well pardon you myself, brother Peter."

"And I," said her friend.

"And I, too," added the doctor.

This was more than Mr. Potts could stand.

"Confound your forgiveness!" he cried. "Keep it till I ask for it."

And he rushed from the room, followed by a hearty peal of laughter.

"Well," observed the doctor, smiling, "since Peter has buried the hatchet, I suppose it is safe to invite you to take up your residence with us, now that you have been burned out of your own quarters?"

And ringing for a servant, he commanded rooms to be prepared.

"Henceforth," he added, taking Eli and Tip by the hand, "as long as you are in New York I want you to consider my house your home."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A TRIP TO ROCKAWAY.

"HAVE you ever been to Rockaway?" asked the doctor, at breakfast, next morning.

"No, sir," replied Eli.

"Then you will enjoy a trip there."

"Hif it's ha nice place, hof course we will," said Tip.

"I have a villa at Far Rockaway, and we shall take a run down there to-day to stay for a week. Will you come with us?"

The boys needed no further invitation, and that afternoon found them on the *Grand Republic*, on their way to the beach.

The boat was, as usual, crowded, and the friends had plenty to do looking about them.

The trip was a long one, and they got hungry and began to look for something to eat.

After considerable search they found a fat, curly-headed boy with a dirty waiter's apron on, and Tip said:

"'Ello, Periwinkle."

"Hello, yerself," replied the curly boy, politely.

"Did you hever 'ear hof hanyone being 'ungry hon these boats?"

"You look as if you was."

"Well, I ham."

"You don't say so?"

"And what ham I to do habout hit?"

"Get something to chaw on."

"Whereabouts?"

"Down there."

And the boy pointed to a staircase leading down beneath the deck.

Thus directed, the boys found themselves in a large saloon, where a number of people were already seated at a long table, treating themselves to lunch.

They took the first vacant seats that offered, and a waiter hurried up to take their order.

Having given it, they turned their attention to the company.

Opposite them was a man with green glasses on, who asked the head waiter, who was carving a leg of veal on the sideboard close by:

"Whereabouts have we got to, steward?"

"Don't you know that you are violating a rule of the steamer, sir?" asked Eli, suavely.

"Am I, indeed?" snapped the man in the glasses, angrily.

"Yes, you are?"

"And what rule is it?"

"Don't talk to the man at the wheel."

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed a jolly old passenger. "Very good! very good, indeed!"

"Humph!" grunted the party with the goggles. "I have my opinion of any one who makes a pun."

"And it's not a good one, I'm sure," said Eli.

"You can bet it isn't."

"You never made a pun in your life, did you?"

"No, I didn't."

"For a very good reason, I suppose."

"What reason?"

"That you cannot."

Everybody laughed again at this, and the goggled individual got up and went away, grumbling.

"What made you speak to 'im?" asked Tip.

"Because I thought I knew him, and wanted to find out," replied his friend.

"Hand did you?"

"I don't know. But somehow he seems to be familiar to me."

"Well, I didn't notice hanythink very striking habout 'im."

Shortly afterward they reached the landing at Rockaway.

The boys lounged about the boat till the crowd was off.

Then, leaving the doctor and the rest of the party to go ahead in a carriage which had been sent for them, they strolled about to see what could be seen.

This was not much, for, as every one knows, Rockaway is not one of the most cheerful places in the world.

That is, unless the visitor's taste runs heavily on heat and clams.

Neither Eli nor Tip had much of a weakness for either, so they were soon tired enough to desire a change.

They were in search of it, when their attention was attracted to a group of people out on the beach.

They seemed to be visitors of various stages of greenness, who surrounded some individual engaged in giving an exhibition of some sort.

Pushing their way forward, the boys found this person to be a red-faced man in a duster, who stood behind a round board with a sharpened stick fastened to it, so as to be planted in the sand and make a table.

On this table were three playing-cards, and any one more sophisticated than our friends would have recognized the arrangement as a game of three-card monte.

The man was shuffling the cards about carelessly, as if to mix them up, and inviting people to bet that they could pick out the queen of hearts, which formed one of the trio, the other two being a ten and eight of clubs.

"Now, then, gents," he called, "here's your great original and prime chance to snatch a prize from the lap of fortune. Here's your tuck up, your tuppenny, wink your peeper, lanky panky chance to grapple your luck and play to win. Any bets in form from five cents to five hundred dollars."

"I think I could pick out that queen," said the green-goggled man, who was watching the proceedings curiously.

"Back your opinion, then," remarked the dealer. "Put up the dibs."

"Well, I'm not a betting man," said the other.

"Then you'd better slide out."

"But I'm so sure of this thing."

"Of course you are," commented the dealer, with a chuckle.

"Then I'll put up five dollars that I pick out the queen."

And he slapped a five-dollar bill down on the stand.

The card man put a similar bill on top of it.

Then, after permitting every one to see which of the three cards was the queen, he turned them face down, and commenced to shuffle them.

"That's the sort of talk I like to see," he said, as he worked. "That's the straight, old-fashioned, out-and-out style, that warms the cockles of your uncle's heart. And now you see it and now you don't, and here we are and here we ain't, and now the five dollars belongs to you if you show where the queen lays."

While speaking the man had been shuffling and changing the cards, which were face down, at an incredibly nimble rate.

Over, under, across and through the middle they went, till it seemed impossible that the sharpest eye could follow the movements of the queen.

Nevertheless, this man with the goggles picked it out at once.

"You're a ladies' favorite," said the dealer, passing the money over to the winner. "But I'll lay you a tenner you can't do it again."

"Done," said Goggles.

Again the cards were shuffled, and again the spectacled person won.

"He's got sharp heyes, hin spite of 'is glasses," said Tip.

"Pshaw!" returned his friend; "it isn't his eyes."

"What his hit, then?"

"Just look close at those cards."

"Well?"

"Don't you see that little black speck on the queen?"

"Dash hit! so there his!"

"And there isn't any on the others?"

"No."

"That's the way he picked it out."

"To be sure hit his. Hanybody could do hit."

"Yes, and I'm going to try."

The dealer, who had been watching them closely, evidently inferring the nature of their conversation, now spoke to Eli.

"Now, then, young gent," he said, "you look as if fortune might be kind to you. Don't you think you could pick out the queen?"

"I'm going to try."

"For how much?"

"Oh, for a fiver."

And he put up a bill of that denomination.

The dealer covered it and shuffled as before.

Then Eli, with a trembling hand, turned over the card with the spot on it.

It was the queen.

"Luck, by thunder!" said the dealer, good-naturedly. "Try her again?"

"Of course."

"For a tenner this time?"

"Yes."

"Then here she goes and there she goes, and now you cut."

Again Eli drew the queen.

He was now highly excited over what he fancied was so easy a way of getting money, and he put ten dollars to his twenty, and made the bet thirty dollars.

This time he lost.

He could have sworn that he had drawn the same card as before, but instead of the coveted queen it was the ten.

Thinking that he had made a mistake, he bet another twenty dollars, which was all the money he had.

And lost it.

"Why, bless my 'eart, what hails you?" asked Tip, in wonder. "'Ave you lost your heyesight?"

"No; I've only made a mistake again. Lend me five dollars, and see me catch him this time."

Tip complied, and the money went the way of the rest.

Now Eli, though green as a leek, was not stupid. He saw that he was the victum of a trick, and that it was possible to beat it if he tried hard.

And he determined to try.

"How much money have you got, Tip?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Fifty dollars," was the reply.

"Give it to me."

Tip handed it over.

"Now," said Eli, turning on the monte man, "I'll put up my watch and fifty dollars against a hundred."

"That's the talk," said the man. "You're a thoroughbred, and I'd like to see you get even, if it does cost me money."

And he put up the money and shuffled the cards. Eli this time, instead of picking out the card with the spot on it, turned up one of the others.

It was the queen!

The dealer bit his lip, and the crowd applauded as the delegate from Cuttyhunk raked in the spoils and said: "Shall we try another?"

"Of course," responded the dealer, saying to himself, "it was only an accident. I'll hump him this time."

But he did not.

A second hundred dollars fell to Eli's share, and the man became angry.

"This is a dead skin," he said.

"What is a dead skin?" demanded Eli.

"Why, your winning. Who put you up to it?"

"Up to what?"

"Why, the racket. The plant, you know. You're a sweet one to play innocent, you are."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"That be blowed! I'll bet any money you're standing in with him."

And he pointed at the man in goggles, who, as the reader has doubtless inferred, was really his confederate.

"What's that you say?" demanded that person, sharply.

"I say you put this young pup, here, up to the dodge and the pair of you are standing in to bust me."

"Oh! You do say that, eh?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then all I can say is, you're a blasted liar."

And the man in the goggles deliberately took his glasses off, put them in his pocket, and turned up his coat-cuffs.

"Now, then," he said, "call me that over again, if you dare."

"Call you what?"

"Why, a skin."

"You are one. A dead, open and shut skin."

The words were scarcely spoken when the man with the goggles, whom Eli now recognized as his bogus uncle, otherwise known as Captain Thunder, planted a blow in his associate's eye.

The monte man struck back, and in a minute a furious fight was in progress.

"We'd better slide now," said Eli. "When they get through, they may turn their attention to us."

And pushing through the crowd, they made off with their winnings.

CHAPTER XXXII.

UNCLE GREGORY IS HEARD FROM.

"WELL, upon my word!" gasped Eli, next morning, as he sat on the porch with the sea-breeze fanning his cheek, waiting for breakfast and reading the paper, "this is a racket, I swear."

"What his the matter now?" demanded Tip.

"Listen to this."

And from the personal column of the *Herald* he read:

"Five hundred dollars reward for the recovery of the body of my gallant nephew, Eli Skillings, who perished in a noble effort to save the life of a fellow-creature at the fire at Lambert's Hotel. The remains are desired for fitting interment. The above reward will be paid to any one recovering them from the ruins. "GREGORY GRIMBALL."

"What on hearth does hit mean?" asked Tip.

"It means that I have found my uncle at last."

"Where's 'is haddress?"

"It is an office on Broadway."

"I wonder whether he his the hother old gentleman?"

"What other old gentleman?"

"The one that gave you this card."

And Tip produced from his pocketbook the card the old gentleman had handed Eli in Bleecker Street, and which read:

"GREGORY GRIMBALL,
"NEW YORK HOTEL."

"Maybe it is himself," said Eli. "I wish we had gone to see him at the hotel."

"It isn't too late yet. We can go to-day."

"Then we will start right after breakfast."

Which they accordingly did. They found the address specified by the advertisement to be an office on Broadway, and a redheaded boy, who was in the front room, informed them that Mr. Grimball was in.

"What name shall I say?" he asked.

Eli was about to give his own, when an idea suggested itself.

"Tell him it's a gentleman about the advertisement," he said.

The boy vanished, reappearing almost immediately.

"You're to go right in," he said.

Passing into an inner room, Eli found himself face to face with his uncle.

He was the cheerful-looking old gentleman who had come to his assistance on the day of the adventure on the elevated road.

As soon as the boys appeared he bounced out of his armchair and cried:

"You come about that advertisement in the *Herald*, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied his nephew.

"Well, is there anything new?"

"There is."

"You don't mean to say the body is found?"

"I do, indeed."

"And who by?"

"By me, sir."

The old gentleman looked keenly at him for a moment, as if to assure himself that he was not being hoaxed. Then he said:

"Where is it now?"

"Here."

"You brought it with you?"

"I did."

"Joe! Joe!"

At this call the red-headed boy appeared with a suddenness which suggested that he had been listening at the door.

"Bring in the bundle, Joe," commanded his master.

"What bundle, sir?"

"The bundle these gentlemen brought."

"The gents didn't bring no bundle."

"How is this, sir?" asked Mr. Gregory Grimball, looking at Eli. "I thought you said you had the body with you?"

"So I have."

"But where is it, then?"

"Here; and alive."

The old gentleman uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"Alive!" he cried.

"Yes, sir. You advertised for Eli Skillings. I am he."

"You are?"

"I am, sir. So hand over the reward and we'll call it square."

It took several minutes' argument to convince the old gentleman that he was not being deceived.

But Eli's story, and the letter his father had given him to his uncle, carried conviction with them.

And after conviction Uncle Gregory Grimball was very naturally transported.

Transported with joy, however, not to jail.

"And only to think," he said, "that I once met you without knowing who you were."

"It was queer, wasn't it?" assented Eli.

"Yet all the time I was anxious to meet you."

"No more than I was to meet you."

"But you had a selfish reason."

"What was that?"

"That five hundred dollars, you know. You wanted an uncle for what you could get from him, while I wanted a nephew for——"

"For what, sir?"

"For what I could give him. I am a lonely old man, and I want an heir. Will you be mine?"

"Nuff ced," responded Eli.

And he gave the old gentleman his hand, which the latter commenced to agitate with much fervency, while Tip, with his hands raised skyward, said, solemnly:

"Bless you, my children, bless you."

Upon which tableau we may as well ring the prompter's bell and let the curtain fall.

All is well that ends well, and Eli had found his uncle.

THE END.

TOPSY-TURVY;

OR,

The Boy Explorer.

AND

THE WORLD TURNED INSIDE OUT.

CHAPTER XIX.

ARRIVAL OF THE "JEANNETTE," AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"IT is, indeed, the *Jeannette*," said Captain St. Clair, who had hastened to the bluff on hearing the shouts of the others. "I knew her well as the *Pandora*, and I could not be mistaken in her."

"I accompanied her," said Wilcox, "as far as Oonalaska, and I know it is the *Jeannette*."

The steamer was only under sail, and was heading straight for the island.

In a very few moments the entire colony had gathered on the bluff, where they watched the movements of the vessel almost in silence, speaking only in low tones.

The waking to life of this vessel out of supposed destruction could not but give occasion for serious thoughts.

"I wonder if they are all alive," remarked Mrs. St. Clair, presently, thinking of her old school companion, who was one of the officers.

"I think," said Captain Wortendyke, reflectively, "that it would be a good idea for me to take the *Admiral* and go out and meet her. She will do well to anchor on the other side of the island, and whoever is in command ought to be told."

This idea was esteemed a good one, and was at once acted upon.

Captain Wortendyke took Lieutenant Jarvis, Wilcox, Greenough and Terence to man the boat, which was up the brook by the mouth of the cañon.

It did not take them long to get her into the creek, when they crossed the lagoon and pulled out through the cañon into the open sea.

As they rounded the point the vessel was within half a mile of shore.

On observing the boat the steamer shortened sail, and as the latter drew nearer she was hove to, and persons could be seen leaning over her side looking at the unexpected visitor.

She was battered and rusty-looking. Her sails had been mended in many places, and her masts had evidently been spliced and otherwise reconstructed. Her hull bore evidence of long exposure, the paint being worn off and the iron rusty.

Closer approach displayed men with long beards and unkempt hair, dilapidated as to clothing, and worn and wasted as to person.

On approaching within hailing distance Captain Wortendyke hailed:

"What steamer is that?"

"The *Jeannette*, of San Francisco. What boat is that, and who are you?"

"This boat is the *Admiral* from Panama, and we are Americans, Frenchmen and Englishmen, colonists on this island."

"What island is it?" was the next question.

"Jeannette Island," said Captain Wortendyke, as he came alongside, whereupon the officer on the steamer stared at him curiously.

A line was thrown and caught by a sailor, and the next moment Captain Wortendyke and his companions were standing on the deck of the *Jeannette*.

The officer who had been speaking was Lieutenant De Long.

No further questions were asked at this time, Captain Wortendyke satisfying himself with giving the necessary directions, which were immediately adopted. The *Admiral* was towed behind, and the *Jeannette* steered her course along the shore until, reaching the side of the island where was located the camp of the colonists, she came to anchor about a quarter of a mile from the beach.

At the invitation of Captain Wortendyke, Lieutenant De Long entered his boat and accompanied him to shore. Wilcox, however, remained on board the *Jeannette*, rightly imagining that he would gain more of the information for which the *Herald* correspondent thirsted by this means than by interviewing the commander of the expedition. For Wilcox had been at once recognized by his old associates, and was at once the centre of this crowd of bearded and storm-worn explorers, who were as anxious for news as he was himself.

Lieutenant De Long was similiarly surrounded on making his appearance on shore, and after shaking hands with all the colonists, and receiving their congratulations on being thus restored after his long Arctic burial, he was provided with the refreshments which he required, and a boatload of fresh provisions was at once prepared and sent out to the *Jeannette*.

Then the commander of the *Jeannette* related the history of the expedition.

It is only necessary here to state briefly the prominent features of the experiences which the vessel had met during the seven long years in which her fate had been unknown of men.

The first Winter had been passed in Mangel Land, and in the Spring of 1880, the sea being remarkably free from pack-ice, the *Jeannette* had steamed and sailed northeastward, without encountering much difficulty, and after touching at Grant Land, had crossed Robeson Channel, and reached Greenland at Captain Hall's furthest northern point, where they passed the second Winter. From this point sledge parties had been pushed into the interior and northward, and finding open sea in the Spring to the north of Greenland, it was concluded to take that course.

The second Summer brought the *Jeannette* to latitude eighty-five degrees north, longitude fifteen degrees west, and here pack-ice was encountered which completely baffled all efforts to penetrate it.

From this point, also, sledge journeys were undertaken northward, and pushed to a distance of about one hundred miles, without any alteration in the condition of the ice being discovered, the explorers little thinking that within another hundred miles—owing to the powerful influence of cross currents of air and water—there was existing a perpetual tropical climate.

So little did they imagine this to be the case, that they set forth early in the Spring of 1882, and steered southward, crossing the whole northern coast of Greenland during that year, and wintering in longitude thirty degrees east, latitude eighty-three degrees north.

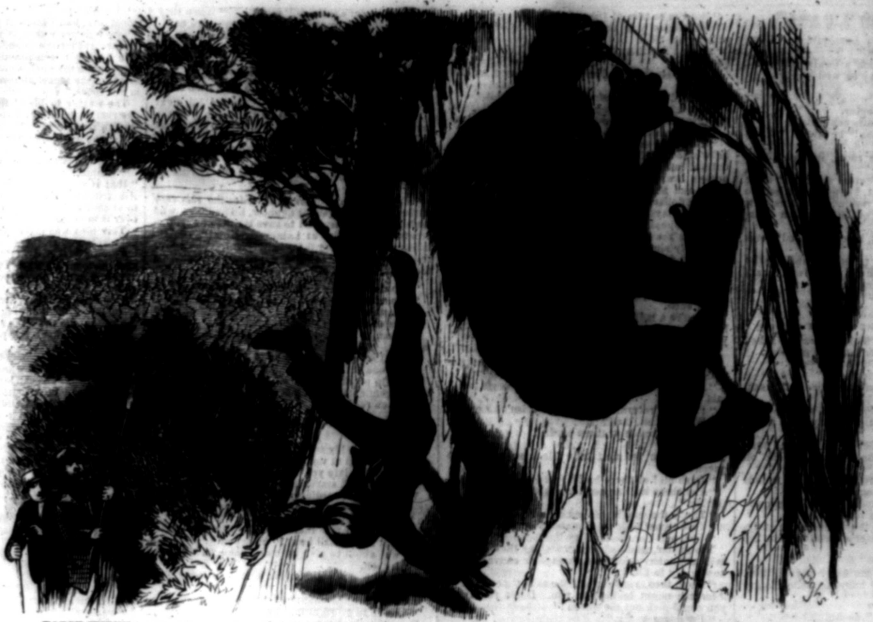
Unfortunately, here the *Jeannette* got fast in the ice, and a remarkably severe Winter strengthened her prison, upon which the succeeding Summer made no impression.

Sledge journeys were made in various directions, without any important result being accomplished, and now for three long years the explorers remained frozen in, utterly unable to move the ship, while even had they been willing to desert her, they would have been foolhardy in attempting to reach, without her aid, any point where they could by chance meet a whaler, or from which they could hope to make their way to one of the Greenland settlements.

Besides, the *Jeannette* had been so perfectly fitted out, and was so stanchly constructed, that they were able to live in perfect safety and comfort within her hospitable walls, never losing a single member of the party by death, and having but very little sickness to interfere with their comfort.

They had amused themselves in a thousand different ways.

They had published a weekly paper—printed—in which was set down the journal of the expedition



TOPSY-TURVY.—"HE WAS A GOOD SHOT, AND WHEN THE SHARP CRACK ECHOED IN THE HILLS AND THE SMOKE CLEARED AWAY THE BEAST WAS SEEN CLINGING TO THE ROCKS IN AGONY, WHILE SAM HAD DISAPPEARED."—SEE PAGE 87.

and an account of the various excursions of the explorers for hunting and other purposes. They had improvised a theatre, and performed occasionally, to their own great amusement and satisfaction. They organized an athletic club, and ran foot-races on the ice, or arranged matches with the Esquimaux dogs.

Science was not neglected, and careful surveys were made of the coast in their neighborhood. Altogether, the time had not passed disagreeably or unprofitably.

The last Spring and Summer had not offered any promise of a general break-up of the ice, and the expedition seemed likely to be ice-bound for yet another Winter, when in the latter part of August they had suddenly wakened to the knowledge that a tremendous change was occurring around them. The ice-field had heaved and swelled, as though acted upon by gigantic living creatures beneath.

In a single night it had gone to pieces as if by magic, and the *Jeannette* was afloat and in motion so suddenly that it had been difficult to make the necessary arrangements for the departure, which was evidently imminent. Fortunately, at this time, the party was all together, there being no expeditions or excursions out. Had the break-up been delayed until a week later, a sledge party would have been away from the ship, and must inevitably have been lost.

For the *Jeannette* was now seized by the great current which had pushed its way through Behring's Straits, one arm of which had whirled northward to the furthest extremity of Greenland, breaking up and dissolving the ice which it encountered in its progress, as another arm had pushed through Baffin's Bay, southeastward, carrying with it the party on board the *Admiral*, and picking up in its passage the *Last Hope* and the group of excursionists who had been snowed up on Valentia Island, and had undertaken to make a sledge journey into the Arctic regions.

Floating swiftly on this remarkable current, the *Jeannette* had passed what is known as Franz Joseph Land, and had then suddenly found herself in a tropical climate, and to add to the astonishment of the expedition, deserted by the current as suddenly as she had been seized by it.

Finding himself in a smooth sea, almost without wind, Lieutenant De Long had been able to make but little headway, even with all sail set, the stock of coal having given out years before.

At length, and after weeks of half-drifting motion, the island was sighted, and after much difficulty they succeeded in approaching it.

The amazement of all on board on finding it inhabited was only a part of the general astonishment which they had experienced in finding themselves plunged into the tropics while still far within the Arctic Circle, and only a hundred miles or so from perpetual ice—and north of it.

The officers and crew of the *Jeannette* came ashore soon after their commander, and were feasted and made much of by the colonists. The latter had their wonderful story to relate, and between Captain Wortendyke and Sam on the one part, and Captain St. Clair and the ladies on the other, the newcomers were soon thoroughly acquainted with the history of the experiences of the Panama and Valentia Island travelers in spite of themselves.

It was determined to place entire confidence in the members of the *Jeannette* expedition, and, accordingly, Captain St. Clair acquainted them with the fact of the existence of a gold mine on the island, and showed them the considerable quantity of the precious metal which had been already got out.

It was also concluded that all hands should be set to work at mining, the gold which had already been got out to remain the property of the colonists, and that which should be mined thereafter to be equally divided among all—share and share alike, without distinction of person. When all that was desired should be obtained, the *Jeannette* would take the colonists on board, and endeavor to reach the North Pole before returning home—the open sea and absence of wind tending to rouse the hope in her commander's breast that he might, after all, succeed in making the long-looked for discovery.

But the first thing to be done was to refit the *Jeannette* as far as it was practicable, and for this purpose, and in order to run no risk of being exposed to a storm, it was determined to tow her or warp her into the lagoon, as it was found that there was ample room in the cañon to admit of her passage, and sufficient depth of water within the lagoon to float her.

So, on the day following her arrival, she was brought round to the mouth of the cañon, and when there, what between turning and warping, she was brought successfully through, and secured safely within in fifteen fathoms of water, and this though lying close alongside a flat shelf of rock at the inner extremity of the range of bluffs—so near, in fact, that a gangplank was thrown across from the ship to the shore.

Over this gangplank the crew of the *Jeannette* carried every article belonging to her for examination, while the vessel was being cleaned and put into proper condition.

At this work the colonists cheerfully assisted, and the woods rang with the cheerful sound of voices and the merry laugh of the workers. While this was being done mining was stopped, and the building of the vessel which had been going on in the creek was also suspended.

This latter undertaking was not given up, however, as it was a question if it would not be desirable to finish the construction of the little vessel, that she might act as a tender to the large one being able to penetrate where the other could not. New topmasts had to be supplied to the *Jeannette*, and wood was found suitable for the purpose. New spars were required, also, and there was considerable carpentry work to be done, and altogether it took three weeks before she was ready for her cargo.

In the meantime, Sam had amused himself in piloting the officers of the steamer over the island whenever they could get a day from their work, and as there was no immediate haste, this occurred pretty often.

On one of these occasions Sam and Lieutenant Jasper were both acting as guides to Lieutenant De Long and the officer next in command, and the party had wandered far to the eastern extremity of the island—a distance of about eight miles from the lagoon—where none of the colonists had made more than a casual excursion.

Here the land was elevated into high hills, and its general appearance was widely different from the western end of the island.

The party were skirting the base of one of the hills, tramping through thick underbrush, Sam in the advance, as was his custom.

While picking his way along, the lad saw something black and shining in his path, a stone, apparently, and picking it up, was about to throw it at a monkey which was chattering in a tree near by, when a thought struck him, and he stopped and examined it more closely.

"What have you found, my lad?" said the commander of the *Jeannette*, as he came up with him.

Sam showed the black stone.

"It looks like coal," said he, carelessly.

"Coal?" exclaimed the officer, eagerly. "Let me see it."

"It is coal. Where did you find it?"

By this time the others had come up, and all examined closely what Sam had found, while the boy pointed in the direction of the place where he had discovered it.

They retraced their steps, and on looking about a little, found another piece of the same substance, which was clearly coal, and presently, after poking about in the underbrush for a while, Lieutenant Jasper came upon an unmistakable vein cropping out at the surface.

This was a most important discovery. The coal was slightly bituminous in character, and well-adapted for the purposes of the *Jeannette*, which would now, if a sufficient quantity of coal could be obtained, be enabled to progress without dependence on her sails—a very important matter, as her stock of canvas was by this time nearly exhausted.

The spot was marked and the locality noted, so that it could be easily found again, and the party turned their steps homeward, well pleased with the results of their excursion.

On arriving at the camp, arrangements were made to proceed on the following day to the coal-mine.

This plan was carried out accordingly, and on clearing away the underbrush and cutting down the trees about the spot, a large vein was found, which was at once cut into.

The locality was close to the sea on the north shore of the island, and nothing would be easier than to bring the *Jeannette* round and coal her on the spot, when a sufficient quantity should have been got out.

All now went to work with a will, and for two weeks were busy picking and shoveling, occasionally putting in a blast to help matters along, but caring very little for the ordinary processes of mining, the only object being to secure enough of the precious mineral for immediate necessity.

After a while this work was left in charge of the officers and crew of the *Jeannette*, the colonists returning to their gold-mining, and being successful in finding even richer deposits than at first.

The ladies, meanwhile, were employed in tailoring, the *Jeannette* having on board a considerable quantity of cloth and linen, which it was very desirable should be made up into wearing apparel.

Work progressed rapidly in all these different directions, and as all labored harmoniously and to the one end, there was a general spirit of satisfaction prevalent which was most gratifying to experience.

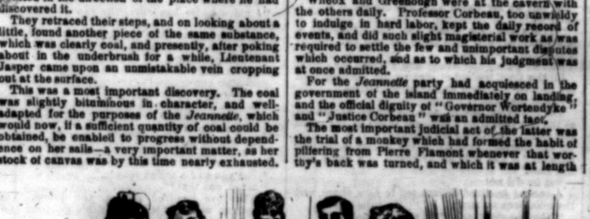
Sam busied himself now at gold-mining, now at coal-mining, sometimes hunting or fishing to supply food for the now considerable population of the island; again indulging in a long walk with Mrs. St. Clair and her daughter, when their work had become burdensome.

Wilcox and Greenough were at the cavern with the others daily. Professor Corbeau, too unwieldy to indulge in hard labor, kept the daily record of events, and did such slight magisterial work as was required to settle the few and unimportant disputes which occurred, and as to which his judgment was at once admitted.

For the *Jeannette* party had acquiesced in the government of the island immediately on landing, and the official dignity of "Governor Wortendyke" and "Justice Corbeau" was an admitted fact.

The most important judicial act of the latter was the trial of a monkey which had formed the habit of pilfering from Pierre Flamont whenever that worthy's back was turned, and which it was at length deemed necessary to bring before the bar of justice. He was an old monkey—old enough to have known better. Having been brought up far from the haunts of men, there was no reason short of original sin for his having had his "good manners" corrupted where there were no "evil communications." Yet he would thieve with a directness of intention and roundaboutness of method that would have done credit to the most capable student in any Fagin's institute of modern times in London, Paris or New York. Sam, who was an admirer of Dickens, had christened him "Charley Bates," offhand, and it was only necessary for the lad to say, "There's Charley," in Pierre Flamont's presence, to make that excellent Frenchman gnash his teeth in impotent rage. Of course he could easily have been shot, but none of the colonists cared to punish him in that way as, with all his mischief, he was the occasion of a great deal of amusement.

But having at length gone so far as to steal certain of Mrs. St. Clair's sewing implements—which were articles none too plentiful—and having, moreover, corrupted the morals of younger monkeys, so that they, too, began to indulge in occasional pilfering, it was resolved to capture the offender and try him according to colonial law.



ELI AND TIP.—"'IT'S HIM. IT'S HIS GHOST COME TO HAUNT ME!' AND THE WRETCHED YOUNG RASCAL, DRIVEN BY FRANTIC TERROR, ROLLED IN A FIT AT THE FEET OF ELI SKILLINGS, WHO HAD JUST ENTERED."—SEE PAGE 86.

Captain St. Clair was appointed to secure the victim, and for several days that officer, with his lasso in readiness, with which he had brought down the Esquimaux dog, lay in wait for the thief.

But Charley was wary and cunning, and seemed to suspect that there was something dangerous to his comfort and liberty about to occur. He accordingly kept himself more than usually secluded. Finding himself suspected, the captain apparently gave up the pursuit, and even absented himself from the camp except at night, that the monkey might regain confidence.

This result happened, and with it the propensity for appropriation, and one day Pierre detected him making off with a basting-ladle which he had placed beside him for a moment.

It happened that Captain St. Clair was on the watch at the moment, and just as the cook shouted on discovering his loss, while Charley was running with his prize to the nearest tree, the captain flung his lasso, and the thief, with the ladle hugged closely in his arms, was brought shrieking to the ground. In a few moments he was secured, and the same afternoon his trial occurred.

A jury was empaneled, Pierre Flamont occupying the position of complainant; and while Greenough appeared as public prosecutor, the *Herald* correspondent was appointed by the court to defend the prisoner, which he did with great eloquence and earnestness, and no little legal learning, gained while occupying the position of police court reporter in New York.

But "Charlie Bates" was past saving, and the jury found him guilty without leaving their seats.

The court deemed it necessary in the unprotected condition of the colony to make a severe example of this case, and the monkey was sentenced to be hanged.

A plea for his pardon was submitted to Governor Wortendyke by Mrs. St. Clair and her daughter, but was denied regretfully, on public grounds.

The capture of the monkey had been witnessed by a number of his tribe, and his trial had attracted the attention of many more. And when, toward evening, his execution took place, one of the crew of the *Jeannette* filling the position of hang-monkey, there were present in the trees about the camp a considerable delegation of his race.

He paid the penalty for his crime without apparently regretting his faults, and certainly without making a confession.

The most remarkable feature of the occurrence, and which we must leave to naturalists to explain, was this.

During the remainder of the time that the colonists remained on the island, no monkey was ever known to approach the camp, and they were rarely seen by any one, apparently avoiding these specimens of the human race designedly, and with an understanding that they were dangerous enemies.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ISLAND DESERTED—STRANGE DISCOVERIES.

WHEN the *Jeannette* had been in port about five weeks, sufficient coal being mined to answer her requirements, she was brought out of the lagoon and round to the north end of the island, where it was put on board.

Steam was then got up, and the whole party being invited on board by her commander, the *Jeannette* got under way, and took them all out for a sort of "trial-trip."

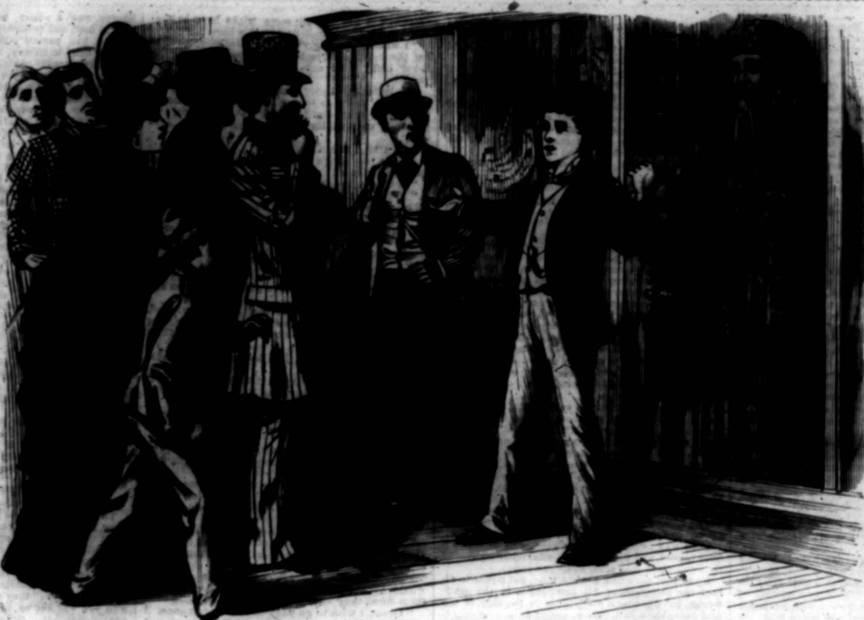
There was now no evidence of current, and it was apparent that it had at least departed from this particular region, and as there was no wind, the necessity for steam to enable the colonists to get away from the island became an admitted fact.

On this excursion the *Jeannette* was steered due north for about twenty miles, when her head was turned toward the island again.

Just as this manœuvre was being effected Captain St. Clair, who was looking through his glass, and sweeping the horizon, exclaimed suddenly, and after looking intently toward the northwest, gave the glass to Lieutenant Jasper, who stood near him, and pointed in the direction he desired him to look, saying:

"Andrew, what do you see off there, low down on the horizon?"

Jasper took a long look.



THE CHUMS AT HARVARD COLLEGE.—“‘LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HERE YOU HAVE THE ANCIENT AND MODERN SONS OF HAM FACE TO FACE. BEHOLD THE STRIKING RESEMBLANCE! THIS HOWLING SWELL!’”

“I should say it was smoke,” said he.

“Just what I thought,” returned the captain.

The commander of the steamer now approaching, he also took a view in the same direction, and with the same result.

“It does look like smoke,” he observed. “And, of course, as we know nothing about what we may encounter under the circumstances, it may be smoke. I am at a loss, though, to know what can cause it.”

“Perhaps,” said Doctor Beaumont, who had also been intently gazing at the dull, black cloud in the distance—“perhaps it may be a volcano. How far away do you think it is, captain?”

Captain St. Clair handed the glass to Captain Wortendyke before replying, and the latter, rightly interpreting the act, said he thought it was about thirty miles, though it might be fifty.

“We are so near the pole that the flatness of the earth will be very deceptive as to distance.”

“That is just what I was thinking,” said Captain St. Clair, “and besides, it is difficult to detect the distance when you are only looking at smoke.”

“Well,” said the commander, “I think we will take that in when we start for the North Pole, as to find a volcano would be an additional feather for our caps when we get home again.”

The *Jeannette* now steamed straight for the island, passed through the cañon, and entering the lagoon, was soon anchored by the shore again. The time of the entire party was now devoted to refitting the steamer and storing everything belonging to her in its proper place.

The gold-dust, which had been dug out and roughly washed, was packed in whatever chests, boxes, and other empty receptacles could be found on board, and carefully bestowed.

A good deal of hunting was now prosecuted by the younger men, that sufficient provision should be laid in to last for a long time.

Goats were plenty on the island, as were also a species of small deer, not unlike the American antelope. These were killed in considerable numbers, and their meat dried in the sun.

All of these preparations took about two weeks longer; but at length everything was in readiness; the original camp of the colonists was stripped of everything of value or utility, and one morning the steamer hauled up anchor, and with the American flag flying, passed through the cañon and out into the open sea.

Mrs. St. Clair and Emmeline stood with the rest on the quarterdeck, watching Jeannette Island as it grew less in the distance, and could not avoid shedding a few tears while thinking of all that the sight called to mind.

The ladies had been accommodated with every convenience of bestowal that the steamer afforded, and all were made very comfortable, as the vessel had been by no means cramped for room.

The speed of the *Jeannette* was about twelve knots an hour; and when she had reached a distance of twenty-five miles from the island the cloud of smoke, which had been seen on the day of the “trial trip,” was plainly visible to the naked eye from the deck.

It did not seem to have increased in size, but as they drew nearer to it, there was an apparent change in it in that respect—caused, however, simply by the approach, and evidently not by any increase in itself.

By noon it became evident that the smoke was caused by a volcano, and the indistinct outline of land could be seen, becoming plainer and plainer as they drew nearer to it, until a considerable extent of the shore was spread out before them.

The shore was very irregular, and abrupt, rocky heights rose straight from the water's edge.

These seemed to become more lofty in the interior, while the volcano itself was evidently a considerable distance inland, where it towered above its neighbors as a giant of mountains.

It was not in full action, for no flames came from its mouth. But the smoke which rose from it, and hung in a heavy cloud above its cone-shaped summit, was sufficient evidence of its character.

The *Jeannette* steamed along the coast for some ten or twelve miles, her commander looking out for a favorable spot for anchorage. It was all very forbidding in aspect, however, and it was not until late in the afternoon that an opening was found, which, on being carefully approached, was seen to lead into a bay, almost completely landlocked.

Soundings were made with great care, and the engines slowed, but the *Jeannette* succeeded in entering the bay, where she came to anchor.

This bay was about four miles in extent one way, and nearly six miles the other. On one side a level plateau led down to the shore, well wooded, and seemingly free from any volcanic matter.

Indeed, the burning mountain was at least ten miles from this point, and the grass grew here luxuriantly, flowers of brilliant hues bloomed, and birds of exquisite plumage flew about in large numbers.

It was concluded to make no attempt at exploration until the following day, and the night was accordingly passed on board the steamer.

Sam, however, was not satisfied with this plan, the boy's adventurous nature suggesting to him that it would be a good idea to forestall the rest of the party in making a landing.

He succeeded also in inducing Wilcox and Greenough to join him in such an expedition, and, when all but the watch was asleep, the three conspirators lowered a small boat, and dropping into it, pulled quietly ashore. It was not yet late enough in the season to be very dark, even at midnight, which was about the hour, and the landing was effected without any trouble.

The party were all well armed, and after tying their boat they started for a tramp, keeping on the lookout for wild animals at first, but after a few moments concluding that there was no more reason to apprehend their presence here than at Jeannette Island, they became less wary, and tramped along, enjoying the splendid scenery, and chatting merrily together.

They walked side by side, and had progressed about half a mile, when Sam stopped to arrange one of his shoes, which annoyed him, while the others went on.

They were rather earnestly engaged in conversation, and had walked several rods, when, noticing Sam did not come up, they paused to wait for him. Still he did not come.

“What can be keeping the boy? Sam!” cried Greenough, presently.

There was no answer, and they began to feel alarmed.

Turning hastily, they retraced their steps, still calling Sam loudly, but on reaching the spot where they had left him their surprise was turned to real anxiety on finding that there was no trace of him.

The two now cried out loudly, and receiving no reply, looked at each other in blank dismay.

At that moment the noise of cracking branches was heard, and Wilcox turned in that direction.

“My God! Greenough,” he cried, “look there!” at the same time pointing upward.

Greenough turned, when, what was his horror to see Sam, limp and apparently dead, being borne straight up the side of a rock a little to the left, by what appeared to be a gigantic ape or baboon.

He stood speechless. But Wilcox, whose thoughts came quickly, had appreciated the situation, and formed his decision instantaneously.

The height to which the creature had reached was not more than twenty feet from the ground, and young trees and underbrush lay beneath. The beast had heard them, and paused for a moment. A very few moments would carry him to a point, a fall from which would be death to poor Sam.

Lifting his rifle to his shoulder, the *Herald* correspondent took careful aim.

He was a good shot, and when the sharp crack echoed in the hills and the smoke cleared away, the beast was seen clinging to the rocks in agony, while Sam had disappeared.

The two ran hastily into the brush at the foot of the rock, and there Wilcox found the boy, as he had expected, his fall broken by the trees, lying on the ground, alive. [To be continued.]

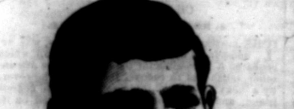
“Topsy-Turvy” was commenced in No. [illegible]

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

JOHN LAYTON,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 6, WARREN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

JOHN LAYTON is a youth who has won the approbation of his teachers by an undeviating course of good conduct in school. We found him in the first grammar grade, B section, of Grammar School No. 6, Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was born in Brooklyn, July 7th, 1864, making him fifteen years of age. He is the son of the late Henry and Sarah Layton. He has always attended the same school, having at an early age entered the Primary Department of No. 6. He has shown a disposition to study diligently at all times, has fully observed all the rules of the school, and has made an excellent per centage in each of the classes. In the lower branches he was always quick to commit his lessons to memory, and in the higher, where there has been more appeal to the penetration of his own mind, he has given evidence of much mental strength. He is a genteel-appearing, polite, and self-possessed youth. His manliness, courage, and frankness are much admired by those who know him, and he is, of course, one who appreciates these qualities in others. He has rather a serious and thoughtful face. He is still a boy, but he has not failed to observe that he lives in a great age, and it is his great desire to make his mark in some honorable sphere.

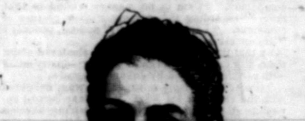


JOHN LAYTON, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 6, WARREN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EMMA O'MALLEY,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 6, WARREN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EMMA O'MALLEY is the female pupil with the most distinguished record for the last term in the Grammar Department of Grammar School No. 6, Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Her reliability of character, expanding intelligence and steady perseverance in study, have made her a model for others, and truly successful in her own aims of ambition. She was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 2d, 1866, and is, therefore, in her thirteenth year. She is the daughter of Frank and Emma O'Malley. When only five years of age she commenced going to school in the Primary Department of No. 10, and subsequently was a pupil in the primary studies in No. 15. She next entered No. 6 in the second primary grade, and she has been in the school regularly since that time. At the close of the last term she was making ninety-eight per cent. in the second section of the first grammar class. She looks rather older than she is, and her manners are easy and self-possessed. She has a large head, with regular and expressive features. In its repose her face appears matured and thoughtful, but in conversation it has more animation. She is popular with her fellow-pupils, for she is sincere and good-hearted, and she is esteemed by the Principal and teachers, for she is one who labors conscientiously and earnestly in all the branches of study.



EMMA O'MALLEY, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 6, WARREN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Chums at Harvard College.

(A SEQUEL TO ORVILLE AND DAN.)

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

Author of “KEEP YOUR BOUNDS,” “INVENTIVE BEN,” etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

BRACKETT TAKES BEN TO SEE THE WAX-WORKS.

ALTHOUGH the chums studied like good fellows they were as jolly sophs as ever trod the quad, and joined in everything going, excepting the orgies termed “wine-parties,” and the attempts of a few bullies to revive hazing.

Ando had gone to learn printing in New York, Don Mortimer was working hard on the staff of the Boston *Transcript*, Skerry was a junior, and Stoot a senior, going in for honors with all the spirit he had shown as a rowing-man.

He was desperately in love with Nellie, and did not mind showing it, actually going so far as to wear a scrap of her riding-habit in a locket, which he carried in his vest-pocket and spooned over in secret. Every now and then the chums would run up to the city and see Don, who was always delighted to show them around, while Mr. and Mrs. Brackett, to whom they were introduced, were never so pleased as when their son had them as his guests.

“Ah, if Johnnie would only be more staid,” said the lady to Orville, as they chatted one evening. “What do you think he did last week?”

“I am sure I cannot guess,” gravely answered the sophomore. “None of us ever get mad with him now. We know he means well, and cannot avoid perpetrating practical jokes.”

“Oh, but this was awful,” solemnly returned the lady. “Our minister is a very fine man—a little sad in his conversation, as becomes his profession. He dined with us last Sabbath, and, among other things, said he suffered from melancholy. Mr. Brackett, who has a great regard for him, remarked: ‘You should have a congenial companion,’ meaning he should marry. Johnnie heard this and said: ‘You leave it to me, doctor. I'll undertake to provide you with one,’ and what do you think he did?”

“I give it up,” said Orville.

Mrs. Brackett lowered her voice almost to a whisper, and replied: “He bought him a ring-tailed monkey.”

This was too much for the collegian, who laughed until he fairly cried.

The next morning he spoke to Johnnie about it, on which the latter winked and said:

“Bless you, I did it, and wasn't his holiness mad! Oh, no! I believe, if he had dared, he would have struck me. ‘I am immensely obliged to you, young man,’ he snapped, ‘but do not wish to deprive you of your counterpart.’ ‘Oh, I can spare him,’ I said. ‘Come, doctor, I've told everybody in your congregation, and they all thought he would be a very congenial companion for you.’”

“Did you say that?” inquired his amused friend.

Johnnie nodded, and remarked:

“He was mad—I tell you. He turned black and blue about the lips, and looked so dangerous that I took the monkey under my arm and cleared out,” adding, thoughtfully, “Ministers never do enjoy a good joke. Guess he wasn't satisfied because I didn't buy him an organ.”

“What did you do with your purchase?” asked Orv.

“Traded it off for cigars,” said Johnnie. “I made on it. By-the-way, are you going up to the Boston Art Gallery this afternoon? You haven't any recitations, and I shall cut mine.”

“Yes,” answered his friend; “won't you come?”

“No,” murmured the wag. “Ben and I are going to the Boston Museum—innocent place of recreation—moral curiosities—collection of stuffed animals and wax-works, all for thirty-five cents. Cheapest place of amusement in the city at the price. Ever been there?”

“No,” said the other; “I thought it was a theatre?”

“So it is,” continued Brackett. “It is museum and theatre in one, only you pay separately to see each. First-class company, elegant acting, and all that, but they don't perform this afternoon. What we're going to view is the wax-works.”

“Don't you be playing any of your monkey-tricks upon Ben,” said Orv. “He's a foreigner, and has some different ideas to our own.”

“I understand that,” glibly replied Johnnie. “He's my guest, and I will take care of him. There's going to be a crowd of Odd Fellows and their wives and children at the show to-day—country folks from Lynn, Salem, Beverley and Gloucester. Real New Englanders! They won't go to a regular theatre, but will visit the museum, and stay until the evening, when the dramatic performance begins, then they drop into the temple of the drama as a portion of the programme. Clever dodge on the part of the managers. You ought to join us, after doing that dreary art-gallery. The museum has the handsomest lot of mummies in this country. They have Rameses the Ninth and all his court, as good as new—Ahura and her son, Merlin—regular high-toned Egyptians, brought over by a sea-captain expressly for the museum. Benkei will fancy himself at home when he sees their brown faces. You must join us. I know you'll appreciate the exhibition—it's tip-top! The mummies will give you the blues, and the wax-work, in the upper rooms, will cheer you up and send you home with an appetite for supper. Say you'll meet us there, now! Four o'clock, top story. Enjoy the show, go house with me, and we'll spend the evening at the Boston Theatre."

"All right," said Orv; "Dan and I will come."

Early that afternoon Brackett and Benkei ascended the stairs of the museum, which Johnnie had aptly described, and entering the hall, began to inspect the various curiosities.

The main floor was occupied by several cases of objects, and around the walls were glazed inclosures filled with stuffed animals, among the collection being an Indian elephant and a gigantic rhinoceros.

Ben, being interested in natural history, desired to examine each group, but that idea did not suit his companion, whose sole idea was what he termed "having a jolly lark."

"It's no good mousing round here," said Johnnie, nudging him. "You can see a better lot of old guys than this in the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology. Come up to the galleries. I want to show you some of the tea thrown over by my ancestors in Boston Harbor."

The place was tolerably crowded with Odd Fellows and country folks, who were walking about listlessly, and gaping at the heterogeneous collection crammed into the various cases, as though bored with the entire affair.

Brackett urged his friend up the flight of stairs leading to the lower gallery, and piloting him through the spectators, halted before a case containing, among other articles, a few grains of a dark substance, labeled:

"Some of the tea thrown overboard by the citizens, in Boston Harbor, December 16th, 1773."

"There, Prince," he remarked in a loud voice, in order to attract attention. "That is a sample of the stuff my ancestors were poisoned with when the Britishers tried to make them take taxed tea. On a lovely December morning in the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three, my great-great-great grandfather, John Hancock, said to my great-great-great grandmother, 'Susan, we're going to strike a blow in the defense of liberty. The Tories are grinding us into the dust! I, for one, am willing to sacrifice my life for the good cause!'"

Here he paused, in order to give a farmer among his audience an opportunity to speak.

"Are you a descendant of one of the patriots who histed this tea?" demanded the man, who was evidently a prominent Odd Fellow.

"I have that honor," politely answered the wag, bent on fooling somebody. "If you will take the trouble to go up to the State House and search volume seventy-one of the city records, you'll find it all described in detail. My ancestor was disguised as a Mohawk. We've got his outfit now in a glass-case in our parlor. I live on Bacon Street; drop in on us, mister. Glad to see you any day."

The man, a hard-featured New Englander, grasped his hand and said:

"I'm from Squan, young feller. I'm not often up tew Boston, but when I come again I'll call on you," adding, as he gazed around him: "This be a grand collection, don't yew think? Beats Barnum's show all tew pieces, eh?"

"Barnum can't hold a candle to it," said Johnnie, who noticed his proceeding was attracting general attention. "I am well acquainted with the proprietor of this concern—in fact, he's a relative of mine. I shall be most happy to explain anything to you. I am a Harvard student, and well up in Natural History, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Romance, Philology, Philosophy, History, Physics, Chemistry, Music, the Fine Arts and Gastronomy."

"Oh, stop," whispered Benkei. "Do stop, Johnnie."

He might as well have endeavored to check a descending rain-storm. Brackett was bound to get off his joke, and nothing could prevent him.

He headed the crowd, and moving from case to case, rattled on, sometimes stating facts, and at others gravely telling the most absurd falsehoods.

He was so plausible that he deceived Ben, who presently listened just as eagerly as the rest of the audience.

After promenading the entire circuit of the gallery, Johnnie halted before a case containing Egyptian mummies, and pointing first to them and then to Benkei, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, here you have the ancient and modern sons of Ham face to face. Behold the striking resemblance! This howling swell," indicating one of the withered, brown-featured, linen-swathed relics, "was an ancestor of my friend, Prince Yuzo Benkei——"

"You're carrying your joke too far, Brackett," indignantly exclaimed his now thoroughly aroused companion. "I am in no manner related to that *thing!*" regarding the mummy with a gesture of contempt. "I am a Japanese!" adding, proudly: "*My* ancestors were *gods!*"

By that time the spectators were clustered about them fifty deep, and the gallery was gradually filling with people attracted by Johnnie's lecture.

"Gods!" laughingly returned the wag, delighted with the result of his joke. "My dear Ben—I appeal to all present—is there not a striking likeness between your handsome features and those of this embalmed individual?"

"Yes, they be alike," said the Squan man, with a nod.

"Of course," continued Brackett. "It's a beautiful illustration of the truth of anthropology."

"I've had enough of this!" savagely ejaculated poor Ben, forcing his way through the spectators, who were grinning as though he were some kind of monkey.

"Here," cried Johnnie, moving quickly after him. "What's the matter? There's a lot of Chinese junks in one of the cases; I want you to tell our friends something about them."

By that time the crowd in the hall below was so dense that Ben saw that he would have great difficulty in escaping, so he mounted to the gallery above, which as yet was comparatively free from visitors.

Turning fiercely upon his tormentor, he demanded:

"Brackett, how dare you insult me as you have done? I could kill you!"

"Now, what on earth have I said or done to get your mad up?" coolly answered the other. "I should be proud if I could trace my family back to the time of the Egyptians! I think it a compliment! My ancestors peddled codfish!"

"You idiot," emphatically answered Benkei; "if we were not in this public place I would strike you! You're no friend of mine!"

"There's no *pleasing* some people!" sighed Johnnie. "Everbody but you enjoyed the joke!"

As he spoke, their audience came clattering up the stairs, and the Squan man, who headed the crowd, pointing to them, cried:

"There they be! Say, young feller, tell us some more."

"Oh, for goodness sake, where can I go?" demanded Ben. "Is there any way to escape from these people?"

"I'll show you," whispered Johnnie. "Follow me."

He led the way up a spiral stair, and they found themselves in a long loft, around the sides of which were glass dens, containing groups of wax-work figures, representing all sorts of subjects, both sacred and profane.

In one was a sanguinary group of Malay pirates, who were depicted as entering the cabin of a ship and in the act of murdering all hands; in others were types of old trades and Boston tradesmen; one series of several cases was devoted to tableaux showing "The Curse of Drink," and in a large inclosure, occupying almost the entire space at the far end, was a life-size reproduction of Leonardo de Vinci's "Last Supper."

This unique collection is seldom visited, it being hidden away in the mansard of the building, as though the proprietor were ashamed of it. Sometimes a stranger will stray up there, but the groups are so grim, gory and ghastly that few care to remain long in what ought to be labeled "The Museum Chamber of Horrors."

Johnnie knew every inch of the room, to which he was a constant visitor. He loved to gaze upon Mrs. Pelby's handiwork, and the staring, dusty, tinseled, and in some cases terribly repulsive groups had for him a strange fascination.

Each was protected by a glazed sash, fitted from floor to roof, and the dens were additionally guarded by a railing of iron stanchions and ropes.

Upon that occasion Brackett did not pause to direct the attention of his companion to the wax-works, but opening a small door in the side of the first case, bade Ben follow, saying:

"This runs along the backs of the dens, and the crowd will never find us here. I'll show you a place where you can rest until they clear out."

The passage was dusty and narrow, being merely contrived to enable the janitor to enter the cases so as to clean the waxen figures, and was not intended for the public, the entrance bearing the inscription "Private."

Each of the dens, as Johnnie termed them, was provided with a door, furnished outside with a lock, and Brackett found one after the other secured, the attendant being very strict with regard to the matter.

The space was dimly lighted, and smothered in cobwebs, and as the young men groped along it Ben said:

"Come, let us go back?"

"Don't you hear the people crowding up the stairs after us?" answered the wag, pausing and fumbling in his pockets. "I've got a skeleton key somewhere. Ah, here it is!"

As he spoke he unlocked the rear door of the compartment containing the group of "Malay Pirates Murdering the Missionary and Family in the cabin of the good ship *Truth*," and pushing his astonished companion in among the waxen horribles, slammed to the panel, turned the key, and scooted, leaving Benkei to face the grinning crowd who were clustering in front of the sash.

"He, he, he!" giggled the women; "what's he doing in among the wax-works? Ain't he funny?"

Ben felt mad enough, and in trying to open the door capsized the figure of a Malay, who, in his fall, turned over and revealed the fact that his body was composed of a pine stick and some shavings.

This caused the spectators to roar with laughter, and soon the apartment was crammed with people anxious to see what was going on.

Benkei quickly discovered it was useless to hurt himself in endeavoring to escape, so with true Oriental pride he squatted on the floor among the gory figures, took a copy of "Gray's Structural Botany" from his pocket and calmly began to read; meanwhile Brackett had descended to the entrance, and was gleefully watching for the arrival of Orville and Dan, thinking to himself:

"This is immense. It's the best thing yet. I've put up a nice little gag on old Ben."

The crowd above soon attracted the attention of the museum attendants, who vainly endeavored to ascertain the cause of the excitement.

Benkei bore the chaff of the spectators nobly, never for an instant raising his eyes from his book, though he was softly saying to himself:

"Let me only once have Brackett within reach—only once. I'll teach him to make a wax-work show of me."

He meant mischief.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CHUMS BECOME JUNIORS.

"WHAT is up, Johnnie?" inquired Orville, when he and Dan arrived at the entrance to the museum, where Brackett was standing grinning and rubbing his hands. "Have you been at your tricks?"

"There's no harm done," chuckled the wag. "I left him all safe. I tell you this is the best thing yet."

"Left who?" somewhat angrily asked Dan, as they ascended the stairway.

While he was speaking he heard one of the officials say:

"He's in among the wax-works, eh? Take a policeman, go up to the mansard by way of the fire-escape, and arrest the fellow."

"No, don't do that," said Johnnie, addressing him. "He went in there to get away from the mob. He's a Japanese, you know, and the folks thought him part of the show. He isn't to blame; don't take any policeman. Just release him; the crowd will then disperse."

"Who are you, sir?" demanded the other.

"I am a Harvard student," replied Brackett, winking at the brothers. "Bunker, of Seventeen Boylston Hall. Sorry I haven't my card with me. You go and see about my friend; he's in the den containing the murdered missionary."

"Who locked him in there?" said another of the museum staff.

"One of our juniors," coolly answered the joker. "His name is William Patterson. He's always putting up a gag on some one."

"I'll gag him," snapped the man. "He's the person who has played some tricks here before. We'll make an example of him this time."

"I would," smilingly answered Johnnie, motioning the indignant brothers to follow him into the lower hall. "He says he don't care for any of you."

The junior's audacity was something sublime. He nodded to the man so coolly that the latter never for a moment imagined Johnnie was the culprit, and presently went off through the stage entrance, saying:

"I'll attend to him."

As the trio halted in the museum, Orville indignantly exclaimed:

"See here, Brack, what have you done?"

"If you get your mad up, I shan't tell you the joke," he said. "Benkei and I have had a humming good time."

"But you've locked him in among the wax-works, have you not?" said Dan, fiercely. "If he has suffered annoyance at your hands, you shall answer to us."

"Oh, good-afternoon," somewhat warmly returned Brackett. "If you're going to threaten and bully me, I shall retire."

Ere they could say another word he was off, and presently the crowd noisily descended from the top floor, and the Fillamores heard one of them say:

"Well, that Jap was just too comical for anything."

"Let us go to the stage entrance and wait until Ben comes down," suggested Dan. "Mr. Johnnie has evidently been up to his pranks."

In a short time Benkei made his appearance, looking very angry, while the official who followed him said:

"We will find out the name of the person who locked you in, and will punish him if it costs us a thousand dollars."

"I beg you will leave this matter to me," said Ben. "I can revenge myself;" then, seeing Orville and Dan, he continued: "I am glad you are here, chums."

"I know who served this gentleman the trick," said the man to whom Brackett had given his name as Bunker. "He's a junior called William Patterson."

Had it not been for Benkei, Orville and Dan would have denounced Johnnie, but he checked them when they were about to do so, and said:

"Come, I wish to go back to Harvard at once. I can settle this matter. I do not desire to attract any more attention to it."

They descended the stairs, and entering a hack, were driven to Cambridge.

On their way, Ben related how he had been treated, and, when his chums burst into indignant comments, said:

"I felt just as you *do* now when he compared me with that mummy, and as I sat there among those horrible wax figures, and heard the rude remarks of the people, my thoughts were bad. If Brackett had returned just then, I am afraid I should have done something very foolish."

"By Jove! I'll whip Johnnie if I am expelled for it," cried Dan. "I'll never forgive him this trick."

"The idiot," said Orv. "He has no feeling for any one. Ben, you must not let him off. We'll back you."

"I shall not notice him any further," quietly answered the Japanese. "That will be worse than striking him. Our poet Goro-be-ye says:

'If you would kill a fool,
Ignore his existence.'"

"We'll send him to coventry, boys," suggested Dan. "I'll tell the class how he outraged your feelings and insulted you, and everybody will cut him. That will wire Master Brack."

Of couse the collegians took sides, some thinking Johnnie was in the wrong, and others that it was a way he had; anyhow, it did not do him much good, and upon its reaching the ears of the Faculty one professor remarked:

"If Brackett is ever reported to us we'll give him the utmost punishment his offense admits."

To do Johnnie justice, when he came to think the matter over, he really regretted having played Ben the trick, and did his best to show he was sorry; but the Japanese declined even to reply to his notes, much more exchange words with him.

"I know I'm an ass," he remarked to Skerry. "I went to Professor Knobs, the phrenologist, the other day, and got him to feel my head, and the way he laid me out was a caution. I'll cease playing tricks. I'd give five hundred dollars to recall the past. Orville and Dan Fillamore now walk by me as though I had no existence, and Ben treats me with silent contempt. What can I do, Sker?"

"Go and hang yourself," coolly suggested the junior. "I have quite forgotten the little gag you put up on me. I was getting on famously with Miss Lamont until you shoved in your oar; now she always smiles when I address her."

"She remembers your bald head, old man," chuckled the irrepressible fellow. "Land, how comical you looked, Sker!"

"There, drop it," said his friend. "If you ever refer to that again, I'll cut your acquaintance, just as Orville, Dan and Ben have done. Your folks ought to send you to the Idiots' Home."

"Don't be personal," good-humoredly retorted the wag. "If I were compelled to go there, you would be sent, too. I bet you a new hat I'll make it up with the boys before next term begins."

"Done!" said Skerry. "You don't know them, if you imagine they will forgive your monkey-trick."

That Winter, as usual, Mrs. Brackett gave a ball, but the chums did not accept the invite, and when Spring opened Johnnie was, as far as his old friends were concerned, still in coventry.

He joined the same bicycle club, followed them everywhere, and really worried because they declined to renew his acquaintance, while in his heart he knew he deserved the punishment.

With all his faults he was a clever, good-natured fellow, and a better-hearted man never drew breath. No person in difficulty ever appealed to him in vain, and his only radical weakness was his passion for joking.

The Fillamores had shown what they could do in the University crew, so declined to row during their sophomore year, and to avoid being worried by the boys, Orville and Dan sold their racing-shells and invested in canoes, in which they and Benkei determined to spend their long vacation.

At commencement Nellie and Rose visited Cambridge, and Stout, true to his promise, showed his desire to prove himself worthy of the first-mentioned young lady by heading the list of graduates and carrying off the degree of A. B., which so pleased her that she accepted him as her future partner in life.

Orville, Dan and Benkei had studied hard that year, and were prominent among the leading juniors. Skerry, now a senior, had shown there was good stuff in him, and Johnnie, to the astonishment of his friends, had passed a brilliant examination, and ranked next to Skerry, with whom he chummed in Hollis, his parents having gone on a trip to Europe.

Before parting for the vacation a number of the boys met, by Stout's invitation, at the Parker House, Boston, among the party being the chums, Prince Ando, who had learned "the art preservative," and was about to return to Japan, Don Mortimer, Strong, Skerry and Johnnie Brackett.

Stout said that the latter had always responded, when called upon for a subscription to the rowing-club, and Mrs. Brackett had never omitted to ask him to her parties, so he was obliged to include Johnnie among his guests.

They had a good time, and each related his plan for spending the next two weeks.

"I am, first of all, going to Coopertown," said Stout. "In September I shall return to the old mill and grind law for another year. I have accepted the post of proctor, and they have given me charge of your entry in Matthew's, Orv."

"Good enough!" remarked the latter. "We, that is, Dan, Ben and myself, intend to canoe it up the Merrimac. We purpose starting from Lowell, and working up to an island on Lake Winnipiseogee, where we shall expect you to join us with our folks."

"I'm going to take that route," said Johnnie, glancing across the table at the last speaker. "I'd like to accompany you."

Everybody smiled at this, even Orville; however, he remembered the affair at the museum, and coldly answered:

"Mr. Brackett, our party is already made up."

"Well," replied the unabashed senior, "I'm going, anyhow, and if you juniors get into trouble will be on hand to help you out."

This speech was received with roars of laughter and cries of:

"*Pax! Pax!*" (Peace.)

But neither the brothers nor Benkei took the hint.

The next day Prince Ando started for Tokio, *via* New York and San Francisco, the chums seeing him off at the Fall River depot.

"*Sai-o-nara!*" he cried, as he stood upon the platform of the palace-car. "One year more and I will welcome you all to my house in Tokio. Mind, you must be my guests."

"*Sai-o-nara!*" they echoed. "If everything goes well you will see us somewhere about a year from next November. *Sai-o-nara!*"

The brothers paid a hurried visit home, then returned to Cambridge, and on the Fourth of July, 18—, proceeded to Lowell, where they embarked on board their canoes.

Orville's craft was painted gray, and named the *Nellie*; Dan's was rose-colored, and named *Rose*; Benkei's was the Harvard colors, and called the *Sophie*.

It had been arranged that the chums should ascertain whether the island they had engaged was a suitable spot for the ladies, in which case the brothers were to send for their parents, sisters and friends.

The young men enjoyed their trip until they reached the lake, when the weather became threatening.

"You'd better remain here all night," remarked the proprietor of the Winnipiseogee House, when they called, in order to ascertain about their tent, et cetera, which had been sent on by express. "I told my man to *caché* your traps among a clump of dwarf pines, and you may have some difficulty in finding them; besides, it will be rough work landing there this evening."

"Guess we'll risk that," said Dan. "We are used to roughing it."

The surface of the lake was covered with little waves, and a dark cloud was looming up from the northeast; spite of which the chums pushed off, and hoisting their tiny sails, started for their destination.

As they progressed, the water became more and more choppy, and presently Dan was compelled to take in sail and bail out his craft, which had shipped quite a heavy "sea."

"Reckon I'll douse my rag, too," observed Orville. "We have yet some distance to go, and must trust to our paddles. That is our island, right down there to leeward."

As he spoke they saw the trees on the mountains behind them bending and waving in the tempest, and heard the roar of the coming storm.

"*Tai-fu!*" exclaimed Benkei, turning pale. "Hear the dragon's voice!"

"Hear stuff and nonsense!" snapped Dan, pausing in his operation. "Ben, I thought you had learned better than that at Harvard."

"*Tai-fu!*" once more ejaculated the Japanese, who, in his terror, forgot the scientific teaching of Alma Mater, and only remembered the superstition of his native land; "*Ha-yaku!* (hurry up) *Tosu, Namu Amida Butsu!*" (Oh, great Buddha, save us!)

Benkei's return to his old gods so irritated his chums that they forgot to take the necessary precautions. In another moment the storm was upon them, over went their canoes, and the trio were struggling in the water.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A REUNION OF FRIENDS.

THE hurricane, for it was nothing less, was accompanied by a blinding shower of hail, which rendered it impossible for the chums to see one another, much less to recover their crafts; however, by a lucky chance, all three headed for the nearest island, and after a smart struggle landed on its sandy beach.

The canoes struck on a rock, and presently went to the bottom.

When the first burst of the storm was over, the young men hailed each other, and Ben said:

"That was sharp, wasn't it?"

"Yes," chuckled Dan, posing, in order to allow the water to drain from his soaked garments. "It was startling, but did not astonish me half as much as your invoking the aid of Buddha."

"Nor me," said Orville, reproachfully. "Ben, old chum, I thought you knew better than that. You've attended chapel now for over a year."

They could see the storm-breath once more advancing across the surface of the lake, but did not mind that. Benkei's words had made them angry.

Ben gazed sorrowfully at them, then said:

"Chums, I acknowledge I have received considerable instruction in the chapel, and want you to understand that, in calling upon Buddha, I by no means meant to imply any belief in the nonsense we professed at Iburi."

"That is good," remarked Orville. "We should be sorry enough if you relapsed into heathenism and the worship of those old bronze images."

As he spoke, the storm once more struck them, and Benkel shiveringly remarked:

"I believe you boys would argue about religion if the world were coming to an end. I don't care a bit more than you do for the images, but if I like to pray to Buddha, it's none of your business. I vote we drop squabbling over a matter concerning which we know mighty little, and get out of this. There's a log hut up there among the trees; suppose we make for it? I'm going, anyhow."

"You're right," was their response. "Go ahead, Ben."

Turning their backs to the tempest, they ran up the ascent, and presently found themselves before the door of a rude, though substantially built, structure, made of the trunks of pine-trees, and thatched with reeds.

By that time it was once more hailing furiously, while the roar of the tempest was so loud that they could scarcely hear each other speak.

"My goodness!" shivered Ben. "The door is locked!"

They banged upon the rough panels, and presently it flew inward, and they entered, closing it behind them, quickly, in order to keep out the hail.

There were several rooms in the structure, but, although the chums rapidly explored them, they failed to discover its inhabitants.

"What's this?" observed Orville, pointing to a slate on the table. "It says, 'Boys, help yourselves to dry clothes, and make yourselves at home.'"

"Well, let us do it, then," suggested Benkel, who was chilled through. "I suppose whoever owns this place saw us capsize and has gone to our assistance—left this note, like a good fellow. I'm going to avail myself of his kind offer."

They stripped themselves in the kitchen, and after a rub-down, proceeded to the sleeping apartment, where they found an ample supply of undergarments, and an assortment of pants, vests and coats. When they were reclothed, Ben complained of chills, so Orv rummaged round and discovered a bottle of cognac.

"I'm not going to drink anything intoxicating," said Benkel, as his friend poured a small quantity into a tumbler. "My word is my bond."

"Nonsense!" urged Dan. "That is being just as foolish the other way. Swallow it, chum; it will warm you up."

"A cup of good hot tea will do equally as well," was Ben's shivering response. "I'm not dying."

They made a further search, and found materials for a pot of bohea, and soon all three of them were sipping the warm beverage.

"Ben," remarked Dan, as the Japanese lighted a cigar he had found in a box in a sideboard, "you're an awfully sensible fellow. Still, as you have conquered your weakness for drink, why not give up smoking? It's an exceedingly bad habit."

Benkel rolled his eyes and twitched his mouth, and glancing slyly at his lecturer, replied:

"You have just as bad a habit, of which you might cure yourself, old chum."

"I'd like to know what it is?" cried Dan. "I neither drink, smoke nor gamble."

"Nor do I," said Orville.

"Oh, you're both alike," chuckled Ben, watching the smoke as it curled up the ample fireplace. "I have no desire to hurt your feelings, and acknowledge I am guilty of the vice of smoking. We're none of us perfect, boys, neither you nor I."

"But what is our great failing?" demanded Dan. "If you know, you ought to tell us."

"Well," gently answered Benkel, "you are too fond of meddling with other folks' business. It is not a vice that hurts yourself, like excessive drinking, smoking, or even gambling, but it's exceedingly annoying to your friends. Excuse my doing the same, and telling you just what I think."

"Certainly," replied Orville, holding out his hand. "You're right again, chum. We'll try in future to attend to our own affairs and leave yours alone."

They shook hands over this, and Dan said:

"Chum, your cigar is out; shall I hand you a match?"

Benkel nodded his thanks, and that was the last lecture he ever received from them.

They had been so used to advising and directing him, that they had forgotten he had become just as smart as themselves.

"I wonder to whom this place belongs?" he remarked, as he leaned back in his chair. "He's a gentleman, whoever he is, and I'd like to thank him for his kindness."

"So would I," said Orville. "How it storms!"

"Yes," observed Dan, who was stretched out on a lounge. "If we had not stumbled over this Palace of Mystery we would have been in a nice hole. I hope the proprietor will soon make his appearance; I am longing to grasp his hand."

"So am I," said his brother. "He's a brick!"

"Yes, a splendid fellow!" put in Ben. "What can we do to show him how highly we appreciate his kindness?"

As he spoke the door of a cupboard in the wall was opened, and they beheld the laughing face of Johnny Brackett, who, peeping out, exclaimed:

"I tell you what you can do, Benkel. Forgive me for putting up that little gag on you at the museum."

In another moment they were surrounding him, and thanking the jolly little fellow, who, by way of explanation, said:

"I felt bad, boys, when you cut me, for I really value your good-will. My folks own this island. When I heard you were coming here I made up my mind to visit it. I saw you capsize, and watched you land, and after writing what I did on the slate, stowed myself away, for fear you'd decline my hospitality. Come, forget the past."

We need scarcely say they heartily agreed to his request, and Johnnie not only regained their friendship, but won a hat from Skerry.

"See here!" he cried, as they resumed their seats, "we've got a Summer residence up among the rocks in the centre of this island. If your folks will use it for the vacation we can inhabit this den. I've invited Skerry to join me next week. There's elegant boating, shooting, fishing and bathing here, and no musquitoes. Write and ask your family to come, and to bring Miss Lamont."

The brothers agreed, as Johnnie assured them that the island they had hired was smothered in poison-ivy, and on the following Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Fillamore, Nellie, Rose, Sophie, Stout and two domestics arrived, with a pile of baggage.

It was arranged that the collegians should cook for themselves, and when Skerry joined the party he was nominated caterer.

They had a good time away from the cares of the world, the only cloud being Skerry's devotion to Miss Lamont, which almost drove Johnnie and Benkel frantic.

The latter never said anything about his passion, but pined in secret, while Brackett confided his love-affair to everybody.

Day succeeded day, and week followed week, until the time came for the young men to return to Harvard.

On their last evening in "Paradise," as they termed their retreat, they made a farewell tour of the island, Ben being Sophie's companion.

"Now or never," he thought, as he found himself for a few moments alone with his idol, the remainder of the party being hidden from their view by the dwarf pine-trees. "I'll learn my fate." Then, in a low, significant voice, he whispered in her ear: "When the sun shines, does not the golden lily raise its head to greet it?"

That was the correct Japanese way of offering his hand and heart, but the merry girl, who was unused to such flowery language, thought he had asked her a riddle, and after musing a while, laughingly answered:

"Give it up. I never was first-class at conundrums. You should ask Nellie."

"You do not understand me," he faltered. "Sophie—Miss Lamont—*ten-jin* (angel), I love you. May I hope to one day call you mine?"

"Oh, my gracious!" she cried, "is that what you meant? Oh!" adding, slyly, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Benkel, but I this morning accepted Mr. Skerry. We are to be married as soon as he has graduated."

"And suppose he's deaded?" groaned Ben, who, in his agony, scarcely knew what he said.

Sophie blushed, tittered and regarding him archly, replied:

"Oh, then we are to be married all the same."

(To be continued.)

"Three Chums at Harvard College" was commenced in No. 667

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DOCTOR SHOWS HIS TEETH.

AND Swags rolled from the wheelbarrow on to the ground.

Mrs. Hardtopp came to the door in answer to the doctor's knock and ring.

"We have found Swags and brought him home," said the doctor.

Mrs. Hardtopp looked at the fat boy and rubbed her nose.

"He was in a van," said the Diddler; "Chinese dress—doing well—drawing crowds—and so on."

"Then why in the name of goodness didn't you leave him there?" cried Mrs. Hardtopp. "I never wanted to see his fat face again."

"You likes me quite as well as I likes you," said the fat boy. "And you gets more to eat than I does."

"Hold your tongue, Swags?" said Mrs. Hardtopp, angrily.

"Shan't," said Swags, defiantly.

"Oh, I know how to punish you, my fine fellow," cried the housekeeper.

"You'll try to knock me into the middle of next week, no doubt," returned the fat boy; "but you had better be careful, I tell you."

"All right, my boy," said the doctor, blandly. "You deserve a hamper, don't you?"

"A hamper!" cried Swags, with a sudden change of manner. "Where is it? When did it come? Let me see it? Oh, I am so hungry!"

"Not a bit of it," said the doctor. "When you learn how to behave yourself you shall have it, and not before."

"I won't behave myself, and I will have the hamper. Why, I have got no grub inside me, and I feels awful," returned Swags.

"Oh, we will see about that," said the doctor; "bring Swags to my room."

Young Pickwick and his chums drew back; but Miffins and Parrot dragged the delinquent into the library.

The boys soon heard Swags shouting:

"Oh, oh! that hurts. Oh!"

Ten minutes later, he left the doctor's presence, a sadder and a sorer boy.

"Let's have a walk, old fellow," said young Pickwick to his chum.

"All right; I am just in the humor for it, and I have something to say to you," returned Dick.

The two boys walked down the road, talking earnestly.

Suddenly they heard a loud shout.

They turned and saw the Diddler running after them at full speed.

His little dog was at his heels.

"Going for a walk, young fellows?" he asked. "Hope I don't intrude."

"Not you," returned young Pickwick, affectionately taking the Diddler's arm. "What's the matter with you, old fellow; you look down in the mouth?"

"So I feel," said the Diddler; "just my way—spirits up and down—never level—jolly one time, next day quite t'other."

"You are a rum chap," returned Pickwick. "You ought to be jolly, with your expectations of rank and fortune."

"My expectations?" said the Diddler, snapping his fingers. "What are they?—a gold locket—a woman's face. What does it all amount to?—nothing much—'pon honor."

"Well, but it's strange, isn't it, that Tom Ely's locket should be like yours, portrait and all?" observed young Pickwick.

"Strange?—yes," said the Diddler. "Might prove myself peer of the realm. But nothing is done in this world without money."

"Why don't you talk to the doctor?" observed Dick, joining in the conversation. "He is only waiting for you to make a proposition."

"What did the doctor say?" cried the Diddler, impatiently. "Be quick about it—cut it short—and so on."

"He was saying," returned Dick, "that a clever lawyer might make something out of your case."

"What is my case?" said the Diddler, thoughtfully. "I'll go and have a talk with the doctor—best thing I can do."

"That's right," said young Pickwick. "Come back to the house and get it over."

"Good-by," cried the Diddler. "Must go alone—more business-like—see you again soon—ta-ta, dear boys."

Doctor Waddle was alone in the library when the Diddler tapped at the door.

"Come in," he said.

And the Diddler entered, closely followed by his little dog.

"Well, what do you want?" said the doctor.

He was walking up and down the room, and occasionally paused to look at his pupil.

"I wanted to consult you about my locket," began the Diddler; "shall be rich some day, perhaps a lord—ought to have the address of a lawyer—fight hard—defeat the scoundrels—see Diddler in parliament. Doctor, you help Diddler, he'll make you Governor-General of India one of these days."

"Yes, you shall see a lawyer," said the doctor; "and as Miffins's solicitor is coming down here to-day, I shall ask him to look at your locket, and let you give him your early recollections, which, I must say, are most interesting."

There was a large mirror just over the sofa, in which the Diddler could see his own reflection.

He winked at himself as he answered:

"Glad you think so, doctor—flattering—very."

The Diddler's little dog suddenly rose from the door-mat, and having yawned and stretched himself, began to sniff at the doctor's slippers.

"Good dog," said the doctor; "nice old fellow."

The Diddler smiled.

"Love me, love my dog," he said.

The doctor rather nervously patted the little animal on the back.

"By-the-way, Diddler," he observed, "I think you had better give that locket into my custody."

The Diddler hesitated.

"I'll take every care of it," said Doctor Waddle; "and you shall have a receipt for it, if you cannot trust to my honor."

"It isn't that," said the Diddler; "but I have worn it on my neck—night and day—many years, and I love to look at it."

"You had better give it to me, I will take care of it," said the doctor.

The Diddler reluctantly opened his waistcoat and felt about for his locket.

"It is gone!" he said, with startling abruptness.

"Gone!" repeated the doctor, with a total change of voice and manner. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I have lost the locket," returned the Diddler, with trembling lips and pale face.

"Very strange that it should be lost on the very day that Miffins's lawyer is expected," sneered the doctor. "There is more in this than meets the eye, Diddler."

"Sir, some one has stolen it," cried the Diddler, slapping his forehead; "but I'll be even with him—see if I don't—the mean fellow—the rascal!"

"Enough of this," said the doctor. "I believe you to be a rank impostor, sir."

"It is false!" said the Diddler.

"Get out of my room," cried the doctor, giving the Diddler's little dog a heavy kick.

"Leave my dog alone," cried the Diddler; "I won't have him hurt—you are a coward to kick my little dog. I'll teach him to bite, for it will drive you mad, and so on."

"Bah!" said the doctor. "How dare you try to befool me with your recollections of the Ely family? Where's that locket, boy?"

"I don't know—and if I did I wouldn't tell you now," cried the Diddler. "Why didn't you hit me instead of my dog?"

"Leave my room at once!" said the doctor, throwing open the door; "and take your dirty little beast with you. I'll have it drowned the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Will you, though?" cried the Diddler, as he walked down the passage. "Not if this child knows himself."

The exasperated doctor took up a large sofa-cushion and flung it after the Diddler.

Joey Snorter happened to be coming along with a large cup of coffee on a salver.

The cushion struck him full in the face.

He dropped the tray and coffee-cup and tumbled down-stairs.

"You are a nice chap, you are," said the dismal page, beginning to cry. "Just look what you have done."

"Pick yourself up and hold your row," exclaimed the Diddler, rushing out into the playground.

"What's the matter?" said young Pickwick, running up to his friend. "Anything up, old man?"

"My little dog must die," returned the Diddler; "large stone round his neck—flung into the river—and so on."

"Who says so?" asked young Pickwick.

"Doctor Waddle," replied the Diddler. "I've lost my locket and lost his favor—queer revenge, to kill my dog."

"He shall do nothing of the kind," said Pickwick, running off to collect his school-fellows.

He hastily explained what had happened.

"The Diddler's little dog shall not be sacrificed, and," he said in conclusion, "boys, we won't stand it, will we?"

"No!" shouted the boys. "Hurrah for the Diddler and his dog!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ODD BOY OVERHEARS A LITTLE CONVERSATION.

TONY WILKINS was engaged in the agreeable occupation of cleaning boots, when the voice of Bully Mungal fell upon his ears.

"Let's hide ourselves in the outhouse, Tom," said the bully; "it is the only chance of being able to talk without interruption."

"If they catch me here alone won't they give it me hot?" thought the odd boy. "I think I'll hide, as the rat said when he smelt a cat."

Tony looked around the outhouse, and espied an empty flour-barrel.

He jumped in and crouched down just in time.

The door swung open, and Bully Mungal entered, followed by Tom Ely.

The latter slammed the door and locked it.

"Now we are alone," he said. "What have you to tell me that you couldn't have said outside? Why be so precious mysterious?"

"You would be less grumpy if you knew what I wanted you for," said Bully Mungal.

"Speak plain, and don't make an idiot of yourself," returned Tom Ely.

"I shan't speak to you at all if you are not more civil," said Bully Mungal.

He seemed to enjoy keeping Tom Ely in suspense.

"If you don't like to tell me, you can do the other thing," cried Tom.

"So I will," observed Bully Mungal, going toward the door; "you will be sorry when you know what I have got."

"Come back!" yelled Tom Ely; "you don't mean to tell me you have taken it from the Diddler?"

The boys were too much excited to notice the shock head that slowly rose above the flour-barrel.

"I succeeded at last," returned Bully Mungal; "but it has taken me five nights, I can tell you. I slowly filed down the Diddler's chain, when he was asleep. Won't he kick up a rumpus when he finds it is gone?"

"Never mind how you got it," cried Tom Ely; "That's a very little consequence. What I want is the article in my possession."

Bully Mungal took the locket out of his pocket and held it up to the light.

"Here it is!" he cried.

"Hand it over," said Tom Ely, making a snatch at the locket.

But Bully Mungal was too quick for him, and closed his hand.

"No, you don't," cried Mungal.

"Then you are not going to give it to me, after all?" said Tom Ely, fiercely.

"You can have it, retorted Bully Mungal, speaking very slowly; "but you must first give me something for the risk I have run, and the trouble I have gone through on your account."

"I shan't give you anything," said Tom Ely.

"Then you shan't have the locket."

"You said you would get it for me," said Tom Ely, "if I didn't split upon you when you took the Diddler's money. Hand over at once, or the doctor shall hear all about that little affair."

"Try it on," said Bully Mungal, coolly.

Tom Ely was staggered.

"I dare say you wonder at the change in my manner," observed Bully Mungal.

Tom nodded.

"Well, I'm no longer afraid of you peaching to the doctor. It's too late."

"Why?" asked Tom.

"Because it is," returned Mungal. "The doctor would ask you why you didn't speak before, and I should swear you did it out of spite."

"I'll have that locket," cried Tom Ely, almost mad with rage. "I'll have it, or I'll have ——"

"Well, then," come and get it," cried Bully Mungal. "I should like to see you do it, that's all."

"I'll try, for I would rather lose my life than not have it," said Tom Ely, rushing upon Mungal.

The two boys fell to the ground, struggling and kicking.

At that moment a head was thrust through the window.

"Halloa! what's up?" cried Mossy Morton, for the head belonged to him. "What's the matter? Had a [illegible] dispute? If I were you I'd try pistols or swords; it is more gentlemanly than rolling about like that."

The two boys rose to their feet and looked savagely at one another.

"Come outside; I have something to tell you," said Mossy Morton. "You can have it out another time."

Tom Ely unlocked the door, and the two boys passed out of the outhouse.

"Well, I'm blowed," thought Tony Wilkins, getting out of the tub. "Shan't I have something to tell the doctor—oh, no!"

Meanwhile Mungal and Tom had followed Morton to a secluded part of the ground.

"The Diddler has lost his locket," said Mossy.

"Well, what of it?" returned Tom Ely, carelessly. "That's his business."

Mossy Morton smiled.

"Come," he said, "be frank. Do you think I don't know that the locket is in Mungal's hands?"

"Well, what if it is?" cried Ely, angrily.

"Nothing, of course," retorted Mossy. "But do you think you have acted wisely?"

"What do you mean?" cried Tom Ely.

"Simply, my dear fellow, that in your position I should have acted differently."

"How?" cried Tom.

"Do you ask my advice?" said Mossy Morton.

"If it's worth having," returned Tom Ely.

"Bully Mungal, give me that locket," said Mossy Morton.

Mungal rather reluctantly handed it to Mossy, who slipped it in his pocket.

"What are you up to?" asked Tom Ely.

"Listen to me and you will understand," returned Mossy.

He bent down and whispered a few words in Tom's ear.

"Hurrah!" cried Tom Ely. "Mossy, you have a splendid head-piece."

"I flatter myself that my plan will put an end to the Diddler's pretensions," returned Mossy Morton. "And now, shall I tell you why I wouldn't speak in the outhouse?"

"Thought it rather strange," observed Bully Mungal; "it is generally your favorite place for hatching mischief."

"I didn't choose to blurt out my private affairs before the odd boy," retorted Mossy.

"What?" cried Tom and Mungal in a breath.

Mossy laughed and rubbed his hands.

"It was a lark, upon my word. There were you two at it, hammer and tongs, and there was the odd boy close behind you, poking his head out of a tub to see what was going on."

"Helloa! here he is sneaking toward the house!" exclaimed Tom Ely.

"What have you been doing in the outhouse?" cried Bully Mungal, clutching Tony Wilkins by the collar.

"Cleaning boots," replied the odd boy. "Any harm in that?"

"And how came you to be covered with flour?" asked Tom Ely. "We knew that you were in the barrel all the time, and what we said was for your entertainment."

"Oh, yes!" said the odd boy, with a wink.

"You little beast!" cried Bully Mungal; "do you call us liars?"

Mossy Morton was standing a little apart, looking on with a smile.

"I don't call you nothink," cried Tony. "Let us go, will yer?"

"Do you see any green in my eye?" said Bully Mungal. "We are going to slip out by the side gate and take you for a little walk."

"I won't go," cried Tony Wilkins, struggling to free himself.

"Won't you, though," said Bully Mungal, dragging him along. "Tom, run back to the outhouse and bring me a good stout rope."

"What are you going to do with me?" cried the odd boy.

"You'll know soon enough," retorted Bully.

And Tom, returning with the rope, the odd boy was dragged out of the gate and down the road.

He cried and struggled, but without avail.

"Oh, how I wish Master Pickwick was here!" he exclaimed. "He'd punch your head for you."

"Hold your row," cried Bully Mungal, giving him a savage push.

Tony said no more until they reached a meadow, and he was roughly flung upon the grass.

"Perhaps you means this for a joke?" said the odd boy; "but I think you ought to know when to stop."

"You'll find we are not in a joking humor," cried Bully Mungal. "Tom, give me that rope."

Tom Ely handed him the rope.

"What are they a-going to do with me?" cried Tony, appealing to Mossy Morton.

"I don't know, and I don't care," returned that young gentleman, folding his arms.

"Well, if you must know," said Bully Mungal, making a slip-knot, and passing it over Tony Wilkins's ankles, "we are going to hang you by the legs to that tree over there."

"Pray don't," cried Tony Wilkins. "What have

I ever done to you that you should think of doing such a horrid thing?"

"Oh, nothing at all," returned Bully Mungal. "You never meant to tell the Diddler all you overheard us saying—oh, of course not."

And in spite of his attempts at resistance Tony was dragged beneath the tree, the rope thrown over a branch, and his body raised until he almost stood on his head.

"Now will you peach to the Diddler?" cried Bully Mungal, giving him a spin round and a smart stroke on his back with a stick.

Tony's head began to swim, and he felt that his senses were deserting him.

"I won't tell the Diddler a word if you'll only let me go," he cried. "I'll swear it."

"You swear it, do you?" cried Bully Mungal.

"Yes," said the odd boy.

But in another moment his quick ears had caught the sound of voices on the other side of the hedge, and he gave a loud cry.

"Hold your noise," said Bully Mungal.

It was too late.

"Halloa, halloa! What are you fellows up to?"

And the next moment young Pickwick and the Diddler dashed through the fence as they heard the familiar voice of the odd boy.

"Why, what's the matter here?" cried young Pickwick. "What are you doing to Tony?"

"We are only having lark with him," returned Bully Mungal, suddenly letting go the rope.

Tony came down with a run.

"You great brutes!" cried young Pickwick, stooping down and freeing Tony's legs.

Mossy Morton had retired.

"Oh, why didn't you come before?" cried Tony, sitting up, and looking at Pickwick and the Diddler.

"Ought to be glad we came when we did—'pon honor," cried the Diddler. "A little more of that fun would have cooked your goose, old boy."

The odd boy sighed. He was much attached to the Diddler, and wanted to tell him what he had heard about the locket.

But he had given his word to Bully Mungal, and would not break it.

"Now look here," cried young Pickwick, "if I catch you ill-using Tony again I'll make a formal complaint to the doctor."

"Do it," cried Bully Mungal, clinching his fist, "and I'll nearly kill you."

"Oh, oh, Bully! you want to fight?" cried Diddler, squaring up to Bully Mungal. "I'm your sort—hit me hard—knock me about—and so on. Well, come on, Diddler's ready."

"Don't talk to that half-witted ape," cried Tom Ely.

"Oh, half-witted ape, am I?" cried the Diddler. "Picky, hold my coat—I'll take the two—one down—t'other come up."

"I can't allow that," said young Pickwick. "Between them, they would knock you flat as a flounder."

"Not they," cried the Diddler, struggling out of his coat. "If I don't beat 'em both, you can come in and win, Picky."

"Well, then, come on," said Bully Mungal; "I owe you one, Mr. Diddler, and mean to pay you out in full; so look out for yourself."

"All serene," cried the Diddler, beginning to dance round his foes. "Look out, my lads—don't know which I shall hit first—better take care of yourselves. Where would you like it?"

Bully Mungal and Tom Ely rushed at the Diddler, but he darted aside, and they fell into each other's arms.

"Good again. There's one, two, three and four," cried the Diddler, giving them that number of gentle taps.

He was here, there, and everywhere, and so confused Bully Mungal and Tom Ely, that they never once succeeded in touching any part of his agile body.

Young Pickwick laughed long and loud.

This excited Bully Mungal's anger still more.

He rushed blindly at the Diddler, who, nothing daunted, hit out from the shoulder, giving a blow that sent him staggering back some half a dozen paces.

"That will make you smile for a week, Bully," cried the Diddler.

Then turning his attention to Ely, and giving him a tap upon the nose, he said:

"There, dear boy, that's a beauty on your smeller; hope you like it."

"Go on, my boy," cried young Pickwick, applauding loudly. "This is fine. I'm proud of your pluck. You have made them both look silly."

"Not a very difficult matter that," cried the Diddler. "I think they look silly all day."

He gave Tom Ely a sudden push, and that sallow-faced young gentleman turned head over heels, alighting on his back in a heap of mud.

Tom Ely made no attempt to regain his feet.

He lay staring up at the sky, and left Bully Mungal to fight it out with the Diddler.

Bully Mungal had the courage of a wild beast.

He once more dashed at his foe.

"Not tired yet?" said the Diddler. "Want one on the nose? You shall have it—do anything to oblige a friend. There, now you have got it!"

"If you served all your friends that way, my old boy," laughed young Pickwick, "it wouldn't be long before they turned to enemies."

For the Diddler was striking out right and left, bunging up Bully Mungal's eyes.

But Bully wouldn't give in.

He at length contrived to catch the Diddler unawares.

"Well done—try it again," cried the Diddler, as he received a heavy blow on the shoulder.

He rather admired the dogged perseverance of Bully Mungal.

At all events, it was better than the craven cowardice of Tom Ely.

"You have had enough," said the Diddler, at last, seeing that he had punished the bully sufficiently, and only pushing him away.

"No, I haven't," retorted Mungal, savagely.

"Don't mind what he says," cried young Pickwick; "he is regularly done-up. Why, he can't stand."

"Then I think I'll say good-by until we meet again," said the unruffled Diddler.

"Come, Tony," cried young Pickwick.

And the three walked away, leaving Bully Mungal and Tom Ely to condole together.

When they had disappeared from view, Mossy Morton came from behind the hedge.

"Halloa, my friends," he cried, with his cool smile; "had the worst of it, eh?"

"You are a nice sneak, you are," returned Bully Mungal. "You always manage to keep out of trouble."

"I pardon a little display of temper, my friend," said the smiling Mossy. "You are not yourself today. You do look very ugly, I must say."

Tom Ely had by this time picked himself up.

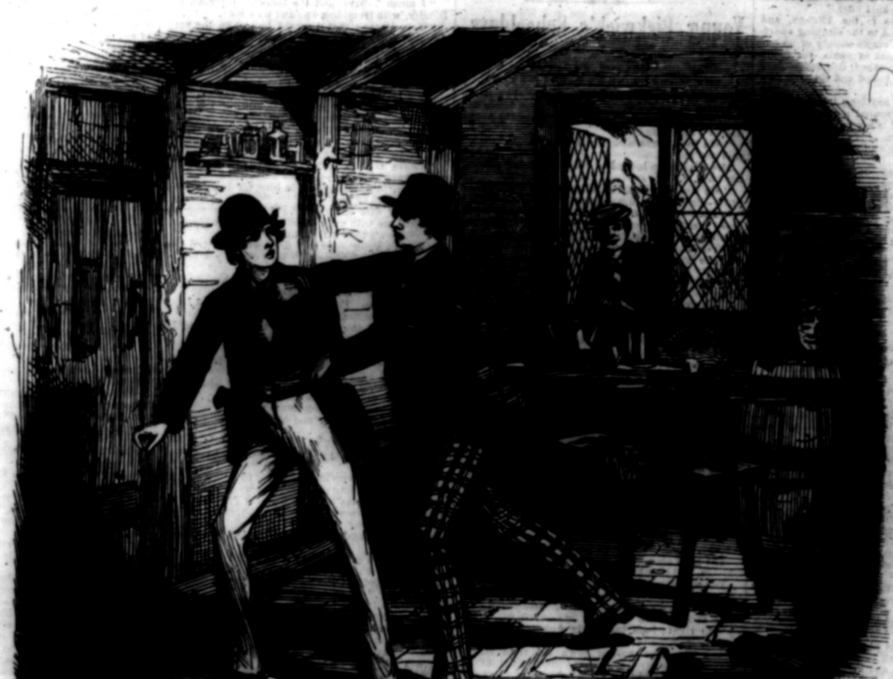
"I could strangle that Diddler," he muttered, between his teeth.

"Strangle him, by all means," said Mossy Morton; "but don't let anybody see you do it."

"That's your way," observed Bully Mungal, as they turned their footsteps in the direction of home. "You would do any dirty deed if you cuold be sure that it would not be discovered."

(To be continued.)

‡ "Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. 662.



YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"'I'LL HAVE THAT LOCKET,' CRIED TOM ELY, ALMOST MAD WITH RAGE. 'I'LL HAVE IT, OR I'LL HAVE——' 'WELL, THEN, COME AND GET IT,' CRIED BULLY MANGEL."—SEE PAGE 91.

Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHTHEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

"SHIP ON FIRE!"

THE *Armadillo* met with strong head-winds, which necessarily rendered her progress slow. She was two days out from New York, and yet the captain had not summoned strength of mind enough to carry out the secret instructions of the owner.

Rob Rollalong had been too much on the sea to feel any sensation of sea-sickness.

He was a fisherman's son, and many a long, weary hour of the day and night had he been out on the sea, in all kinds of weather.

This was a great advantage to him.

Instead of skulking below in all the agonies of sea-sickness, he was up and about his work, helping Boss Cross in a way which thoroughly satisfied that rather high-priced gentleman of color, who had an exaggerated idea of the importance of his own race, and did not think much "ob de white trash."

Captain Spike kept below more than those acquainted with him had ever known him to do before, and when he came on deck his face was flushed in a way that showed he had been drinking. Crime was new to him, and the order he had received preyed upon his mind.

He was obliged to have recourse to stimulants in an unwonted degree to keep his courage up to the sticking-point.

The wind had increased to a gale, and Mr. Vangs, the first officer, looked doubtfully at the sky.

He paced the deck with the importance which was peculiar to him on all occasions when the captain was absent, but he gave no orders.

Seven bells had just struck, and the watch were congratulating themselves upon soon being relieved without having any work to do.

At this juncture Captain Spike came up the main hatch, and nodding to the first officer, leant against the foremast.

His mind appeared to be far away from his duties, and he didn't seem to care whether the wind whistled ominously through the cordage or not.

"Don't you think, sir, we had best lower sail?" asked Vangs.

"Take in a course, if you like," replied the captain.

"I am of opinion we ought to make all snug. You see, sir, there's a squall gathering up black on the horizon. It doesn't rise up and thin away at the bottom, and we may expect wind."

"Shorten sail," said the captain, laconically.

"There was a halo round the moon last night, sir—sure sign of wind, always. The clouds are high, and the edges hard."

"The *Armadillo* isn't strong enough to stand much—is that what you think, Vangs?" asked the captain.

"Oh, she's good enough if she's handled rightly, sir."

"I'd as soon charter an old hulk," replied the captain. "It wouldn't surprise me if something happened to this ship before we made port. How's the barometer?"

"I'll go and see, sir."

Vangs went to look at the weather-glass, and was surprised at the peculiar manner of the master.

"How strangely he talks!" he muttered. "I'll watch him; there's more than one sees in this. He's the most altered man in forty-eight hours ever I see."

As the force of the wind is what is required for service at sea, the first officer read the barometer as follows:

Inches.	
30.5	Very settled.
30.0	Fine weather.
29.7	Unsettled.
29.5	Gale.
29.2	Storm.
29.0	Violent storm.
28.5	Tempest.

The mercury stopped at 29.5, which indicated a gale, and that might at any moment increase to a tempest.

He returned to the deck and reported.

"Sudden fall, sir. Indication of wind!" he exclaimed.

"Well, well, you know your duty, Mr. Vangs," replied Captain Spike. "You have plenty of sea-room. Run before the wind; place another man at the wheel; cun the ship."

"Shall I furl sails and batten down, sir."

"No, no," answered Spike, irritably. "It isn't so bad as that. You can send down top-gallant yards, and take in the flying-jib; clear the tops, and keep the scuppers clear; keep the after-yards square, and have the fore-staysail set with double sheets."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Vangs.

The captain descended to his cabin after giving these orders, and shut himself up with a cigar and the whisky-bottle, thinking he had made all necessary preparations for the storm, squall, hurricane, or whatever it might be.

Vangs shook his head, for there was something decidedly wrong with the skipper.

He had sailed with him on many a voyage, and he did not remember seeing him so short, so absent-minded, so disagreeable.

Just then Rob passed him, with a savory dish in his hands.

"What have you there, boy?" demanded the first officer.

"Dish of pigeons for the captain's table, sir," replied Rob.

"Pigeons! Why don't we have pigeons at our mess? Are they stewed?"

"Yes, sir; stewed in wine and olives."

"Devilish good that," said Vangs. "You can take them to my cabin; the master don't care about them."

"Ordered them an hour ago, sir."

"He's changed his mind. Let me have them, d'ye hear? If you want to make a friend of me, you'll do as I tell you; and if the captain asks for them, which I'll bet he won't, you can cook some more."

"All we've got, sir, are here."

"Well, then, say you were out of pie-johns, and give him something else."

"No, sir," answered Rob.

"No, sir!" repeated the first officer. "What do you mean?"

"Never tell lies, sir."

"You don't, eh?"

"No, sir—that's not the kind of metallic arrangement for the hair I am—different sort of a hairpin altogether, sir."

Vangs looked at him curiously.

He was very fond of good living, and liked savory tidbits, and he was dead-set on having those pigeons.

His mouth watered at thought of them.

"So you won't let me have those birds, boy?"

"You can have them, sir, and welcome," replied Rob, "if you'll take the blame on your own shoulders and not lay it on me."

"Why, certainly I will. Hurry down with the stew. I'll follow you in a brace of shakes, and, say!"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Rob Rollalong, sir."

"I'll remember you, Rob. By Josh! how good those birds do smell, to be sure! I'll be after you quick. Jee! don't I feel ravenous! I won't be a minute coming. Wait in my cabin."

Rob felt perfectly at ease about the pigeons since Mr. Vangs had said he would take the responsibility upon himself, and he took the tray into the first officer's cabin, where, in a very brief space, he was joined by that gentleman.

The pigeons were young and tender; Vangs had not much time to spare, and he took them up in his fingers, eating them savagely, bones and all; then he drank up the gravy and stared at the dish, as if five birds were not enough for an adult.

"Jee!" he cried, "that was bully. I wish there were more of 'em. Anything you've got of that sort, save for me. I'm death on birds and fish—that's me all the way down."

"I'll mention it to the cook sir," replied Rob.

"You're the new hand, I guess?"

"Yes, sir; shipped as cook's mate."

"I like your face, boy. You're a likely-looking lad. Shall I tell your fortune, bub?"

"If you can, sir."

"*If* I can! Every man aboard this ship knows I've got the gift," replied Vangs.

"I've heard of you, sir. You do it by the lines in the hand, like the gypsies do?" said Rob.

"Yes, that's my specialty. Hold up your hand, sonny."

Rob extended his right hand, and Mr. Vangs grasped the fingers, while he pored over the lines which he saw in the palm.

The boy felt an odd sensation creeping over him. Why, he knew not.

It could not be said that he was superstitious, but he felt an anxiety to hear what fate the future had in store for him; though he scarcely knew whether he would be right in believing any prediction the first officer might make.

There was a smell of pigeon stewed about Vangs's fingers; and Rob had always associated the smell of sulphur with a fortune-teller.

Vangs's full, round face did not look a bit like an alchemist's or an astrologer's, for those people in pictures usually are thin, stern and cadaverous.

Suddenly Vangs uttered a cry.

"What's wrong, sir?" asked Rob.

"The line of life's lost!" was the answer.

"Lost, sir?"

"Yes—broken off. You'll die young, boy; you'll die a violent death."

"How long shall I have to live, sir?" inquired Rob, the strange sensation intensifying itself until his blood seemed to grow cold.

For some seconds Vangs made no reply.

He was intently regarding the lines in the boy's hand, and apparently making a mental calculation.

ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—"CAPTAIN SPIKE MADE A RUSH AT THE MATE, AND THEY WERE SOON GRAPPLING IN A FIERCE COMBAT."

"How long?" he murmured, abstractedly.

"Yes, sir."

"I do not like to tell you."

"Tell me—tell me!" cried Rob, whose curiosity had now been excited to the highest pitch.

"I shall make you miserable. I—I don't like to—to render your young life unhappy," stammered Vangs.

"Oh, sir, please do," said Rob.

"I wish I had not said anything about it."

"But having gone so far, sir, it wouldn't be right of you to leave me in a state of uncertainty."

"Well, you shall hear. Promise me one thing, however.

"What, sir?"

"Do not breathe a word of this to any of the crew."

"I'm not likely to get talking with them."

"That's no promise. Why do you evade my question?" demanded Vangs, fiercely.

"Why do you ask me to make it?" asked Rob, boldly.

"Because the men do not like me too much now, and sailors, as you, perhaps, know, are very superstitious. They can't make any allowance for my art. They will blame me for talking to you, and unsettling your mind. That's what's the matter?"

"I won't speak to any of the men, sir."

"Good enough."

Rob had made a mental reservation in favor of Kedge, who was his only friend.

Now, Kedge was not a man, and if he spoke to him he would not violate his promise.

"You want to know how long you have to live?" continued Vangs.

"Yes, sir," answered Rob, trembling in spite of himself.

"I may be wrong and I may be right. I have made palmistry my study, and I think I am right. I have never known myself wrong yet, and——"

He paused a moment.

Rob looked at him with distended eyes.

"You have but six years to live."

Six years to live!

Rob felt faint, and his eyes grew dim and misty.

What did this mean?

Mr. Vangs jerked his hand rudely away and rushed out of the cabin, just as a heavy sea struck the ship. While he had been talking the hurricane he had predicted had come suddenly upon them.

The vessel shook from stem to stern.

In an instant he was on deck.

Rob, meanwhile, sank on the floor, and pressing his hands to his head, reflected on the singular prediction which the first officer had made.

But six years to live! And he was so young, so full of hope, and so fond of life.

What was this occult science of palmistry that it could give a man an insight into the future?

Could he place any reliance on the strange prediction of Vangs?

He felt sick and ill, his brain reeled, and for a moment he was entirely overcome.

It was so horrible to have his days numbered in this way.

Mechanically, he drew from his vest-pocket a little book, which was a notebook and a diary at the same time. The day of the week was Wednesday.

The day of the month was the 15th of July.

The date of the year was 1867.

He put this down in the book with the pencil, and then he calculated. It was a very easy sum to go through.

Taking the calendar months, he would live until the 15th of July, 1873.

Then he would die.

DIE!

As he repeated the words to himself it seemed to stick in his throat and choke him.

Die in six years!

In a brief space he recovered himself from the stupor and despair into which he had been plunged by this revelation.

A smile came over his face.

"If I am to die in six years," he said, "I will have a short life, but by heaven! I will have a merry one."

As he spoke his words were drowned by the sound of a clap of thunder, which reverberated through the heavens, and rolled away to windward with a series of echoing reports.

The storm had caught the ship now. He heard the sound of the officer's voice, and the hurried movements of the crew overhead, and feeling almost afraid of being alone, he went on deck.

What a sight met his gaze!

The sky was dark and overcast—so much so that it might have been supposed that night had unexpectedly come on.

The sea was lashed into a white foam by the furious wind, which churned and tossed the waves about at its will, making them run mountain-high. At every fresh gust the *Armadillo* was tossed about and driven over the surface of the ocean like a cork.

Where was the captain?

He was nowhere to be seen.

The first officer had taken command of the vessel, and was issuing his orders with that calmness which always characterized him in the hour of danger. He was taking in the topsail.

"Steady there, boys!" he cried, at the top of his voice; "lower yards! round in the weather topsail brace! man clew-lines and bunt-lines! clew up the lee-sheets and haul up the bunt-line! Step lively!"

While this operation was being performed he began to take in the courses, manning the clew-garnets, bunt-lines and leech-lines.

"Ease away the tack and bowline there!" he cried to the sailors who remained on deck. "Haul up to windward! Ease off the sheet! Haul up! Get the sail close to the yard! Now you have it! So! be smart there! Furl it, and be hanged to you!"

The latter exclamation was caused by a little delay on the part of the men, owing to the violence of the wind.

It was enough, as Kedge observed to Rob in passing him, to take the roof off any one's shanty.

In a short time the ship righted herself, and was able to brave the storm, though, had there been any neglect on the part of the first officer, she might have become a total wreck.

Captain Spike didn't come on deck.

He appeared either to care very little about his ship or to have perfect confidence in Vangs.

Rob was standing near the forward hatch, looking curiously at the rolling waves, when Kedge came by.

"We've had it pretty stiff," he remarked.

"Yes," said Rob, holding on to his cap, which the force of the wind threatened to carry away. "It looked ugly, only Vangs seems to have pulled us through."

"He's a good sailor, is Vangs, but not a nice name," answered Kedge. "He generally has things ship-shape, and Bristol-fashion. He can enter a harbor like a white tie and swallow-tail swell going into a parlor, and he knows how to cockbill his yards at an angle which would delight a professor of mathematics.

"Don't you like him?"

"Not much. If he hain't sold his soul to the devil I don't know how he does it."

"Does what?" asked Rob, drawing nearer to Kedge, for fear the wind should carry away his words.

"Tell fortunes. I spoke to you about it before."

"Yes, you did. Does he always tell true?"

"Does he? Didn't he foretell Bill Casey's death? and didn't he die just as sure as Captain Hicks, the pirate, was hung on Bedloe's Island, in New York Bay?"

Rob trembled again in spite of himself.

Those terrible words of the mate rang in his ears.

Six years to live!

Heaven help him if he was fated to die so young!

The line of life was lost!

There was, indeed, death in his hand.

"Don't you never let him tell your fortune," continued Kedge; adding, as the ship gave a lurch, "Good land! don't she pitch?"

"Do you really believe in Vangs's power?" asked Rob.

"Haven't I told you I do? He knows how to read your fortune as well as he can gammon a bowsprit, stay a mast, take a bow-line in the bight, or make a ship ride thro' a storm like this."

"Is that so?"

"Didn't he tell Jim Barlow last night that he wouldn't see another sun set, and don't all hands know that Jim's surely doomed?"

"What! that tall fellow with the beard and whiskers, do you mean?"

"Yes; he's captain of the larboard watch," replied Kedge.

"And is he going to die to-day?"

"Why, of course he is. Val Vangs never made a mistake in his life. Don't you let him get examining your hand, I tell you."

"But he's done it already," said Rob.

"Done it!" exclaimed Kedge, with a start.

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Not an hour ago. I was going to the skipper's cabin with some grub, when Vangs stopped me, took it away, and ate it, after which he told my fortune."

"I'd just boost him in the snoot!" exclaimed Kedge, "if he so much as tried it on with me!"

"I didn't know what to do," replied Rob.

"Tell me what he said?" asked Kedge, evincing a great curiosity.

"He said I had only six years to live."

"The old fraud! Why?"

"Because the line of life was lost, and I had death in my hand."

"Well, durn my eyes if that isn't the worst I ever heard!" said Kedge. "He only gave you six years! Now, if I had my way, I'd pitch him overboard! He's playing the devil with this ship and all aboard of her!"

"It mayn't be true, after all," said Rob.

"Oh, it's true enough, you can bet your sweet pile on that!"

"But Jim Barlow isn't dead yet."

"Not yet!" repeated Kedge, with an inward tremor and shiver.

"Oh, I'm not superstitious; I can afford to laugh at all such humbug as that," said Rob, with an affectation of boldness he did not actually feel.

Just at that moment there was a terrible cry.

The wind had somewhat abated, and the ship was scudding before the gale, which had exhausted its fury, though the heavens were still black and murky, and the waves ran high beneath the pressure of the wind.

"What's that?" asked Rob.

"Hush," replied Kedge, under his breath.

There was a brief but awful pause.

Then arose a shout, which carried terror and dismay to many a heart.

"Man overboard!"

The boys looked blankly at one another.

"If that isn't Jim, I'm no student in tar," said Kedge, turning pale.

The voice of the first officer was heard again.

He ordered the ship to be brought to, with the head-yards aback, and brought round on the other tack, sail was shortened, in-stays and the main-yard kept square.

It was, however, with the utmost difficulty that a boat was lowered, owing to the violence of the wind.

In fact, the manœuvre was unsuccessful.

The boat was stove in as soon as she was let loose from the davits, the helm was scarcely righted in time, and the ship gained too much sternway.

Suddenly the ship broached to, and a heavy sea swept over her quarter. In view of the imminent danger that threatened them, every one forgot the unfortunate seaman who had fallen overboard. There was the peril of being wrecked now.

"Meet her with the helm," shouted Vangs, in tones which were heard above the roar of the gale. "Haul up the foresail, Mr. Manners."

"Sir?" replied the second officer.

"Pay her off with the fore-storm stay-sail. Hurry the men up or we are lost."

In less than a minute the after-yards filled, the vessel gathered headway, and she was saved.

The squall went away as quickly as it had arisen, and the bustle and excitement consequent upon a storm at sea subsided.

Rob was still very pale.

A sailor came by and he whispered to Kedge:

"Ask who it was overboard."

"Say, Shiny," exclaimed Kedge, addressing the sailor by his nickname, "who's dead?"

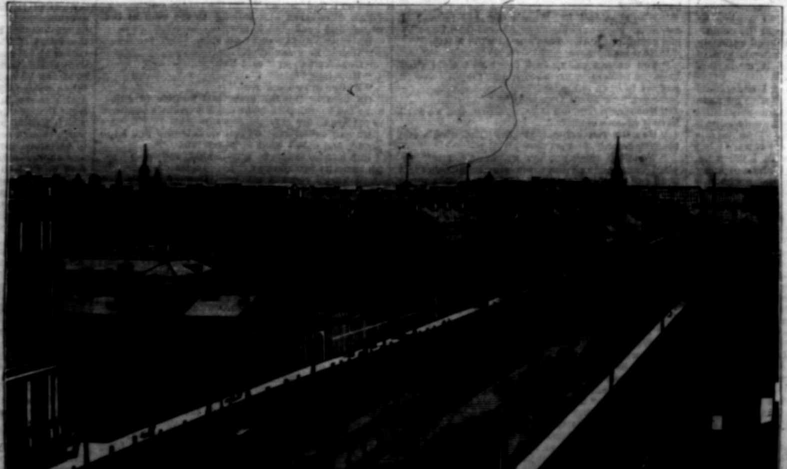
"Jim Barlow," replied the man.

The boys looked significantly at one another.

"What did I tell you?" said Kedge.

"Why didn't they save him?" asked Rob, as the sailor passed on.

"Vangs did all he could, but the squall struck us, and what could we do then? We were obliged to look after Number One, I guess. Better one be



TALKS WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—BOULEVARD OF THE HORSE GUARDS, ST PETERSBURG.—SEE PAGE 94.

drowned than that the whole ship's company should be lost.”

“Very true,” replied Rob, the cold shivers coming over him again.

Vangs had predicted the man's death, and it was a very remarkable coincidence, to say the least of it, that he should die as he had prophesied.

It was one of those singular occurrences which defy all explanation.

While he was cogitating, doubting, fearing, the voice of Boss Cross was heard calling Rob.

“Here!” replied Rob, hastening up.

“Hurry up with the skipper's tea,” said Boss. “There'll be a row, shuah, if he's kept waiting, and I want you to know it.”

Rob looked at him and exclaimed:

“What are you flurrying your fat about, Josephus Orange Blossom?”

“Don't call me no names, becos' I won't have it,” said Boss.

“Shall I say you're white, and they only painted you black out of spite, and you're a handsome darkey, so like ebony that they can't see you at night without a lantern?”

“Oh, you shut up your mouth! What's the ship comin' to, when boys 'lowed to talk to men?” said Boss, in a tone of deep disgust.

“You call yourself a man?” repeated Rob.

“Yes, sah.”

“Oh, Lord!” said Rob, “where are the monkeys' relations? Tell the orang-outang that his brother's gone back on him. He's put on white man's duds and combed all the kink out of his wool.”

“You sassy young cub I'll have to lick you, shuah,” said Boss. “I never see the beat of you for sass—by the Lord, I never did.”

“Oh, give us a rest, you gentleman of African scent.”

Rob had to make a dive, or Boss's fist would have come into unpleasant proximity with his ear.

“I'll teach you c'vility; by de Lord, I will, you swab. You derned mean white trash, you, I wouldn't give a dollar a dozen for you,” said Boss.

“Put me in a glass case, Bossy,” said Rob, in a tantalizing tone.

“Wouldn't find you, sah. No, be golly! wouldn't have you at a gift. You make no more voyage with me, and that settles it.”

“Oh, hire a hall! You ought to address a public meeting, and beg a subscription for the improvement of the condition of the African race. Go 'long; I don't need you.”

“Say, young fellah, you're too fresh,” said Boss; “who is running this caboose—you or me?”

“I'm bossing it,” answered Rob. “But I let you hang on just for show. It looks well to have colored help; not that it's much good, though.”

While talking, he had arranged the tea-things on a tray, and started for the captain's cabin with them poised on his hand in true darkey fashion.

“Wish I was way down on the Swanee River, Bossy,” he exclaimed; “that's where they raised you, wasn't it? Not that you're of much account; but I'd like to see whar de darkeys grow.”

“Oh, go and send your head to be shaved! You're too bran-new, any way,” replied Boss Cross.

Rob made his way to the captain's cabin, and knocked twice without receiving an answer.

Then he made bold to open the door.

Captain Spike was fast asleep in a chair, and the presence of a bottle of whisky on the table, three-parts empty, showed that his slumber was not altogether induced by fatigue.

The boy hesitated whether to rouse the captain or not, but at length he concluded it would be best to do so.

Accordingly, he placed his tray on the table, and then shook Mr. Spike by the shoulder, without, however, succeeding in waking him.

“Is he in a fit?” thought Rob; but the heavy breathing of the man, and his general appearance, contradicted the idea.

At length he came to the conclusion that he was drunk, and he was the more inclined to this supposition because the captain had not been on deck during the squall which had so nearly proved fatal to the ship.

While he was wondering at what he saw, and thinking whether it would be worth his while to go and acquaint the first officer with the state of things, Captain Spike moved uneasily in his chair, opened his lips and spoke.

At first his voice was low, but after a while he elevated it, and his words rang through the cabin.

Rob watched him eagerly, and listened curiously to what fell from his lips, which, indeed, was of such an extraordinary nature that it made him wonder if he was in his right senses.

“Yes, sir,” said Captain Spike, “I understand perfectly. But it is a dishonest action. You have shipped a worthless cargo on board this ship. If I set fire to her and burn her to the water's edge it will be a fraud on the underwriters. True, no one will know I did it, and I shall have my reward; but when I say that no one will know it, I tell a lie. There is One mightier than you or I who will know it. Yes, Mr. Sargoe. There is One above who sees all and who searches all hearts, and that's God.”

Here he paused a moment, and the perspiration ran down his face in streams.

In a drunken sleep, as the man was, he was still suffering the greatest mental agony.

It was not without a severe struggle that he had allowed himself to be made a scoundrel and a vile tool of by his unscrupulous owner.

“But,” he went on, “I've got to do it, and I'll do it. What's the odds, after all? I suppose it will be all the same a hundred years hence, and if not, who cares? I'll do it—I'll do it this very night, by Jesus!”

After this he was quiet.

It seemed as if his good angel was having one more effort to dissuade him from embarking in the dangerous course he had marked out for himself.

Rob did not comprehend the full meaning of what he had heard, yet he was satisfied that he had played the eavesdropper at an important moment, and heard something which he ought to tell to some one.

At first he thought of Kedge, but, after all, Kedge was only a boy like himself, and would not be likely to be able to take any action in the matter.

So after a moment's reflection he determined to go to Mr. Vangs, for the first officer was the next person of weight in the ship after the captain.

Going on deck, he found Mr. Vangs in conversation with Mr. Manners.

Touching his cap, he said:

“Can I speak to you, sir?”

“Do you want me, eh?” replied Vangs.

“Yes, sir, if you please.”

The first officer was struck with the earnest and somewhat terrified expression of the boy's face, and taking him by the arm, drew him on one side.

“What is it, bub?” he said. “Got any more of those fricasseed pigeons for me?”

“No, sir. The captain's drunk, I think, in his cabin, and when I went in with his tea he began to talk in his sleep.”

“Talk in his sleep, eh?”

“Yes, sir; and he said such funny things that I thought it my duty to come and see you and tell you all about it.”

“Good boy; that is quite right. What did Captain Spike say? I thought there was something wrong about him. He has not been the same man he used to be since the ship left port, and it was not like him to stay below to-day when the ship was caught in that squall.”

Rob related all that he had heard, and Mr. Vangs was certainly very much astonished.

“Whew!” said he, blowing out his breath; “that's by a long way the strangest yarn ever I heard.”

“What do you make of it, sir?”

“Simply that Mr. Sargoe has bribed him to burn the ship. It's been done before, lad.”

“Why should he burn a valuable ship and destroy her cargo?” asked Rob, who was puzzled.

He was too young to be well-versed in the villainous ways of the world.

“It's plain enough,” replied Vangs. “The ship and cargo are insured for more than their value. I rather suspect that the boxes and bales we have on board contain nothing but bricks and shavings. If so, the cargo is worth nothing. Suppose there is an insurance of one hundred thousand dollars on the cargo? That sum is made by its destruction. And as for the ship, the owner gets pay for that, too, and makes money both ways out of the underwriters or insurers.”

“Oh, that's how it's done?” said Rob.

A light began to dawn upon him.

“Come with me,” said Vangs. “We will go down in the hold with a hammer and chisel, and I'll tap one of the boxes. If my suspicions are correct, Captain Spike must be watched. Say, have you told any one else what you told me?”

“Not any one, sir.”

“Be careful not to breathe a word to a soul.”

Rob promised, and after providing themselves with a lantern and the required implements, they descended to the hold to examine a portion of the cargo.

Of course, it was just possible that Spike might have been rambling in his mind, and spoke nonsense; but if the cargo was really worthless, there could be no doubt that the owners had a design upon the ship, and that the captain was the man selected by them to carry it out.

Vangs was by no means a scrupulous man.

Indeed, his record, if clearly examined, would have shown that he had done many compromising deeds in his time.

He was not troubled with any virtuous indignation at the idea of the ship's destruction.

All that worried him was the reflection that Captain Spike had probably received a large sum, or would receive it, for his villainy, and that he (Vangs) was left out in the cold.

He wanted to be in it, and have his share of the plunder.

They descended to the hold, Rob carrying the lantern, and the first officer selecting a large packing-case, marked “dry-goods,” began to operate upon its surface.

In a short time he got a plank off, and plunged his hand into the box, drawing out only some paper and shavings.

Another dive produced a lump of stone, all of which he carefully returned to the packing-case.

A grim smile flitted over his face.

“Do you want to try any more, sir?” asked Rob.

“No, my boy; this is pie to me. I have seen all I want. You are a witness of the worthless nature of the *Armadillo's* cargo?”

“Oh, yes,” replied Rob; “there can't be a doubt about that.”

“And you'd swear to it in a court-room?”

“Swear to it anywhere, sir.”

“Good enough. This will be like an annuity to me. I've got old Sargoe in a tight place, and if I don't squeeze him, there is no such thing as blackmail in the world. Now, see here, Rob,” added the first officer, “you've got to keep your mouth shut about this. I want you to understand that.”

“I'm no chatterer, sir; you can rely upon me. But, Mr. Vangs, you're not going to let the ship be burnt?”

“Why shouldn't I? What's the ship to me? I can make more out of her being burnt than I can by her going into port. That's what's the matter.”

“How make more, sir?”

“You derned young fool, don't you see I shall have the owners in my power, and they'll have to pay me to keep me quiet?”

“Shan't we be all drowned?”

“Not much. The sea is going down, and we shall have it smooth enough.”

“How do you know that, sir? The wind's still blowing hard.”

“Wasn't it raining when we went below?” replied Vangs; “and don't rain always lull wind? I shall run the ship close in-shore, and when the alarm is given, we can lower the boats and make the shore of Pennsylvania without any trouble, I guess.”

“Can I do anything to help you, sir?” replied Rob.

“Watch the captain as a mouse watches a cat, and when you see him strike for the hold, which he will probably do about midnight, come and call me.”

“You shall know fast enough, Mr. Vangs.”

“All right, Johnnie. Stick to me, and I'll stick to you,” replied Vangs. “You'll find me a fast friend as long as you live.”

“That won't be long, sir,” said Rob.

“Why not?”

“If what you said comes true, I've only got six years to live.”

“Oh, yes; your line of life is short. I forgot I told your fate. Well,” said Vangs, with a shrug of his shoulders, “no man can help his fate. If I said so, I spoke truth. What is to be will be, and there is an end of the matter. It's no use a-talking.”

After delivering himself of this speech Mr. Vangs went about his business, and Rob posted himself at the top of the main hatch, where he could obtain a clear view of Captain Spike's movements, should he leave his cabin.

An hour passed, and a sailor named Bandy, on account of the peculiar formation of his legs, saw him on the watch.

“What's got you, young goose-egg?” he asked. “I guess you're too lazy to move.”

“Don't you like it?” responded Rob.

“No, I don't, if it comes to that,” replied Bandy.

“Then you can do the other thing,” said Rob. “I'm here by the first officer's orders, and if you think I'm telling a lie you can go to him. That's what's the matter, Bandy!”

Bandy thought a moment.

He did not like to offend Vangs, and he did not quite believe Rob's story, and if there was one thing an old sailor like Bandy hated intensely, it was to see a boy skulking.

The oldsters might skulk, but a boy never.

It is a principle firmly engrafted on the minds of some men who have been hard workers all their lives, that a boy should be kept working all the time, having no leisure for mischief; for, say they, “the devil always finds some work for idle hands to do.”

“You're not too old to lie,” said Bandy, “and I'll give your mate the office as to where you are. I heard him calling you just now.”

“Is that so, Bandy? Run along, quick. You're like a lame duck on a thistle-patch.”

“You've got more cheek nor a brass monkey, you sassy young whelp. I'll cut into yer with a rope for this, first chance.”

“All right, Bandy; mind you do,” replied Rob.

The sailor went away, swearing to himself, but he did not forget our young friend, who was presently confronted by Boss Cross, whose face expressed great indignation.

“See here,” said Boss, “what are yer givin' me now?”

“Beautiful night after the storm,” responded Rob. “Hark at the waves wash-wash-washing the ship's side. What are the wild waves saying, Boss?”

“Oh, you go hang!” answered Boss Cross. “I ain't no kind of a han' for—for po'try. Don't know nuffin at all about po'try. I'd a heap sooner work.”

“Glad to hear it. Are you through?”

“I just done gone and got through, sah; but not got to thank you any. What did I ship you for? Answer me that?”

“For the benefit of my health. I'm a sickly child, and the doc said a sea voyage would do me a heap of good.”

“A two-inch rope do you a heap more good. D'ye hear me now?”

“Oh, give us a pause!” said Rob. “I'm on secret service duty for Mr. Vangs. If you don't believe me go and ask him.”

“What you got do for him to keep you out of the galley?”

“Didn't I tell you it was secret?”

“Well, that may be; but it's real mean of Vangs to take you 'way from your work when he knowed the storm come in with a big wave and put all de fires out.”

“Who light 'em, Bossy?”

“Why, I did. Who de debble you s'pose light my fires when you not there? You got to show up early morrow morning, or you'll hear the skeeters buzzing around you mighty quick.”

“That's what you say. Oh, pshaw! Hire a hall, Bossy,” said Rob.

The black cook left him to go and turn in, as it was growing late, and nothing more would be required from the galley that night.

For some hours longer Rob kept his weary vigil, his mind much perturbed, fearing he was doing wrong in not telling every one on board what he dreaded would happen, and yet feeling that he had done his duty in revealing the captain's villainy to the first officer. What more could he do?

It was one of those strange positions in which boys are placed, where a youngster can do absolutely nothing.

He had to obey orders—wait and watch the course of events.

Vangs was the officer of the watch, and, in passing Rob, took occasion to say:

“Has he moved yet?”

“No, sir.”

“Soon as he does, let me know.”

Rob nodded, and the mate walked forward.

By this time the sea had gone down considerably, and, if necessary, boats could have been launched without difficulty.

The *Armadillo* was not more than twenty miles from land, and Vangs kept her steady on her course, so as to be prepared for any emergency.

A little after midnight Captain Spike emerged from his cabin, looking haggard and almost spectral.

In his hand he had a lantern, and he gazed wistfully around him, as if to see that no eye was upon him.

Rob watched him go down into the hold, and then he hurried forward to find Vangs.

“Where's Mr. Vangs?” he asked of one of the watch.

“You'll find him aft,” was the reply.

Rob discovered him talking to the man at the wheel, and beckoned to him.

Instantly Vangs was by his side.

“Well?” he ejaculated.

“Gone below, sir,” said Rob.

“How long?”

“Matter of two minutes.”

On hearing this the mate lost no time in going after the captain, whom he did not doubt was about to set fire to the ship.

He had something to say to him before this happened, and didn't want to be too late.

Rob had no orders to stay behind, and, with boyish curiosity he followed.

As Vangs entered the hold Captain Spike had opened the lantern, taken out the candle, and fired a bale of goods, from which a thin smoke, gradually growing denser, was issuing.

In an instant Vangs dashed the bale to the ground and trod out the fire.

Spike looked at him in amazement.

“How dare you follow me?” he asked.

“Because I guessed what you were up to. Fire the ship, would you? That's too thin, without I'm in it,” replied Vangs, with a sardonic grin.

Captain Spike was inflamed with liquor, and maddened at the discovery which the first officer had made.

“I'll give you all you want, curse you!” he cried.

He placed the candle back in the lantern, and the latter on the floor, when he made a rush at the mate, and they were soon grappling in a fierce combat. Blows were freely dealt and received.

They were both strong, powerful men, and it was difficult to say which would get the best of the encounter.

Rob watched the fight with intense interest.

At one moment the captain was swayed back against the ribs of the ship; the next instant Vangs rolled up against the cargo.

But at length Vangs, putting out his foot, tripped up the captain, and, falling on the top of him, clutched his throat in a vise-like grip.

“Have you had enough?” he asked.

“Yes,” answered the captain. “I'll give in.”

“By thunder, if you strike me again, I'll make you pass in your checks.”

“Let up, Vangs—let up!”

Vangs released his throttling grasp, and the captain sat up.

“What's your game?” he asked.

“Plunder,” replied Vangs. “This is a put-up job—how much are you to get?”

“Five thousand dollars,” replied Captain Spike.

“Will you whack-up with me?”

“Yes, I will—sure as I live I will! You shall have your divvy, Vangs, if you'll stand in with me. I wanted some help in this thing, and you're just the one man I should have asked to stand by me, if I dared.”

“You must have thought me as big a villain as yourself.”

“Well, well, you're like the rest of us—not over and above particular when there's plenty of shug hanging to it.”

“That's so. But why didn't you ask me at first?”

“Because I wanted to have all the gilt for myself,” replied the captain.

“That settles it,” said Vangs, with a laugh. “But you see I'm too smart for you; if there's any underhand work going on, or double-dealing, I'm bound to have a finger in the pie. Go on, old rusty nails; I'll be on deck, and you can finish your work here. Come on deck as soon as the smoke breaks through, and give the orders for the boats.”

“Right,” replied the captain.

“Shake!” exclaimed Vangs.

Their hands met in a cordial grasp.

“This will make us,” said Vangs. “It was real mean of you to try this caper on without me. We've sailed together so long that you should have known I was true grit.”

“I oughter have known.”

“Well, it ain't too late. We're in the swim. Sail in, old man,” said Vangs.

Seeing that the mate was coming on deck again, Rob, who had been an attentive listener to this conversation, and an excited observer of the strange scene, got out of the way for fear of being scolded, should he be detected below.

Captain Spike, with trembling hands, proceeded, without any further loss of time, to ignite the bales and packing-cases.

When he had set fire to the ship in a dozen places, he crawled out of the ever-thickening and suffocating smoke. He had accomplished his work.

Mr. Sargoe's orders were carried out to the letter. The old *Armadillo* was doomed.

She had made her last voyage, her last cruise was sailed, and never again would she ride over the bosom of the deep like a thing of life, rejoicing in her strength and beauty. It was all over.

Soon she would ride, a blackened and sinking hulk, on the surface of the waves, which would quickly overwhelm her, and send what was left of her to lie on the bottom of the ocean.

(To be continued.)

“Rob Rollalong was commenced in No. 472.

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

BOULEVARD OF THE HORSE GUARDS, ST. PETERSBURG.

CRONSTADT, the strong fortress, which stopped the advance of the English squadron in the last Russian war, is the water-gate of St. Petersburg. A bright July sun makes no unpleasing picture of the huge hulks of the men-of-war and of the many-masted merchant ships which lie within the harbor or behind the fortifications.

Passing Cronstadt, the capital soon comes in sight; the water is so smooth and shallow, and the banks are so low, that one is reminded of the lagoons of Venice.

Far away in the distance glittered in the sunlight cupola beyond cupola, covered with burnished gold or sparkling with bright stars on a blue ground. The river, stretching wide as an estuary, was thronged with merchandise; yachts were flying before the wind and steam-tugs labored slowly against the stream, dragging behind the heavily laden lighter. Warehouses and wharfs and timber-yards line either bank.

As the boat advances, the imperial city grows in scale and pomp. The river view becomes imposing, the banks are lined on either side by granite quays, which, for solidity, strength and area, have no parallel in Europe. Beneath the bridges the unruly river rushes, bearing along rafts and merchandise, and in the broad-laid streets people hurry to and fro, as if the day were too short for the press of business; only in great commercial capitals, the centres of large populations, is life thus rapid and overburdened. Throughout Russia generally time hangs heavily, but here, at the seat of the empire, the focus of commerce, life under high pressure moves at full speed. No European capital, excepting perhaps London and Vienna, leaves on the mind so strong an impression of power, wealth and ostentation as the City of St. Petersburg. Possibly the first idea which may strike the stranger on driving from the steamer to the hotel is the large scale on which the the city has been planned. St. Petersburg, though sometimes decried as a city of shams, is certainly not surpassed in the way of show by any capital in Europe. As to natural situation, she may be said to be at once fortunate and infelicitous; the flatness of the land is not redeemed by fertility; the monotony of the panorama is not broken by mountains; the city rides as a raft upon the waters, so heavily freighted as to run the risk of sinking. And yet I know of no capital more imposing when taken from the strong points of view. Almost beyond parallel is the array of palaces and public buildings which meets the traveler's eye in a walk or sail from the English quay up to the Gardens of the Summer Palace. The structures, it is true, tend a little too much to what may be termed buckram and fustian styles; indeed, there is scarcely a form or a detail which an architect would care to jot down in his note-book. And yet the general effect is grand; a big river rushing with large volume of water through the arches or bridges, along granite quays and before marble palaces, is a noble and living presence in the midst of the city life.

The waters of “the great Neva” and of “the little Neva” appear as an omnipresence; the rivers are in the streets, and great buildings, such as the Admiralty, the Fortress, and the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, ride as at anchor on a swelling flood. The views from the three chief bridges—Nicholas Bridge, Palace Bridge and Troitska Bridge—are eminently palatial and imperial. The Academy of Arts, the Academy of Sciences, St. Isaac's Cathedral, the Admiralty, the Winter Palace, the Hermitage, the Fortress and Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, give to the stranger an overpowering impression of the wealth and the strength of the empire. Of famous Nevski-Prospekt, the chief street in St. Petersburg, it may be said that it can stand neither weather nor criticism. As to style of architecture, strictly speaking, the Nevski-Prospekt has none; the buildings, consisting of shops, interspersed with a few churches and public edifices, so much partake of the modern and mongrel Italian manner, that the traveler might easily fancy himself in Paris, Brussels, or Turin.

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ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

READ primals and finals without mistakes,
Two towns will appear in the United States.

To your mind my first will bring
A weight that's fastened to a string.

My second doth a notion mean;
A wild fowl next is surely seen.

My next will bring unto your view
An English river known to you.

For fifth now carefully put down
An Indian king of some renown.

This town you'll see, without a doubt,
In England. Try and find it out.

What means to suffer or endure
Will be my next, I am quite sure.

If you my eighth but guess aright,
A kind of sword will come to sight.

A country in Europe last will name;
You'll see it on your maps quite plain.

2.—DIAGONALS.

To reach a maximum; excellently; location; a Scripture name; trial; savage; a burning; accompanying; exaggeration.

In each diagonal is seen,
The name of a once mighty queen.

3.—CHARADE.

My first you often cannot stand,
It persecutes all o'er the land;
Next is a bird whose gift you eat:
It is, indeed, surpassing sweet.
My whole will be a man unkind,
In Turkey some you'll surely find.

4.—CHARADE.

My first I am writing,
Dear riddlers, to you;
In order to solve it,
My first you must do.

My second's a shelter,
Of canvas 'tis made,
And travelers often
Recline 'neath its shade.

My whole is a virtue
Which few persons hold.
And now, my dear riddlers,
My story is told.

5.—LOGOGRIPH.

A useful article am I,
And that, I think, you can't deny,
In every house I'm seen;
But take my head away from me,
Reverse me quickly, and you'll see
An island then, I ween.

6.—REVERSION.

My whole, you'll see, does mean insane;
But reverse it, and, I ween,
What the beavers form across a river
Will immediately be seen.

7.—SQUARE WORDS.

A city in Europe; cultivated; a city of Europe; pertaining to the loins; to fancy; a city of Europe and a consonant (both reversed).

8.—METAGRAM.

As a start, we'll just begin
With an article of clothing;
Just change its head, and this you'll eat,
Without the slightest loathing.

Its frontispiece once more exchange,
And this we never should tell;
Just change once more, and now "to go"
Will show itself as well.

Again repeat, and now a cry
Of shame will take the ground;
And, lastly, head displace again,
And to compete is found.

9.—ENIGMA.

To see me you must close your eyes;
To like me you must all despise;
To want me you must be well blessed;
To have me you must be distressed;
To feel me you must feeling lack;
To wear me you must bare your back;
To know me you must be a dunce,
And ought to go to school at once.
Now, if you cannot tell my name,
You'll make out of me what I am.

10.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; to expire; to dig; a boy's name; to turnout; to consume; a thousand.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

PROFESSOR—"You will repeat the lesson on the battle of Bunker Hill." *Student* (after a long and painful silence)—"Please, sir, I can't." *Professor* (with a frown)—"Why not?" *Student* (timidly)—"Because I have been deceived." *Professor* (astonished)—"In what way?" *Student* (humbly)—"I have always been told that history repeats itself, and so I don't trouble to study the lesson."

YOU mustn't think it is heart-trouble that makes the young lady cry "Oh!" so often these days. It is simply ow-ing to the heat.

OWING TO THE WEATHER.

A big newsboy was doubled over a bench at the Fulton Market, too sick to move and too discouraged to care what became of him. Two or three of the motherly market-women fixed him up doses of pepper, and when he was a little better one of them said:

"Boy, you want to let harvest apples alone!"

"Harvest apples!" he sneered. "Do you think eight or nine harvest apples could double up a big boy like me?"

"I saw you eating cherries," put in a second woman.

"I know you did, but hain't I used to cherries? Humph! Why, I'm fifty times as big as a quart of cherries!"

"And he bought two cucumbers off my stand an hour ago!" squeaked a little black-eyed woman.

"Yes, I did," answered the boy, "but they didn't make only a mouthful. T'other night I ate ten all at once and they didn't hurt me a bit."

"And I saw him eating tomatoes and turnips!" solemnly remarked a tall man with green glasses on.

"S'posin' you did?" wailed the boy, as the colic got a fresh grip; "wasn't tomaters and turnips made to eat? Don't you folks want to give a boy any show to git along? I tell ye, it's this here storm what effects me, and if you women had any mercy on me you'd bring me some plums and green corn and belongs and pears and a dish of ice-cream to take this pepper taste out of my mouth!"

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

"I'm sitting on this tile, Mary,"
He said, in accents sad,
Removing from the rocking-chair
The best silk hat he had;
And while he viewed the shapeless mass,
That erst was trim and neat,
He muttered, "Would it had been felt
Before I took my seat!"

THE most modest person we ever knew was the boy who was caught pelting an apple-tree by its enraged owner. In reply to the violent demand, "What's your name?" the boy replied, without hesitation, "My name is Cuspard, sir, and I live on Pine Street," the same being the name and address of a schoolfellow. He was too modest to give his own name. Said the orchard-owner, cooling down, "Well, you have been so honest in telling your name, I will let you go this time." This is the only time we ever heard of modesty receiving its proper reward.

"JOHN, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?" "Yes, but I don't think he can read it." "Why so, John?" "Because he is blind, sir. While I was in the room he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

NOT TO BE DONE.—Little Bill was told, "Never ask for anything at the table. Little boys should wait until they are served." The other day little Billy was forgotten in the distribution, and was not served at all. What could he do? Presently, after reflecting seriously, he asked: "Mamma, when little boys starve to death do they go to heaven?"

SCENE: Academy for young ladies—Pupils' entrance. *Lady Principal*—"What are you going up those stairs for, sir?" *Youngster*—"I don't know. I am only following what it says on the door." *Lady Principal*—"On the door? There is nothing there but the word 'Pupils.'" *Youngster*—"Oh, then, I must have read it reverse on the wrong side of the glass; I took it for 'Slip up.'"

A TEACHER, endeavoring to familiarize a little girl with the various countries of the western hemisphere, with little evidence of success, finally asked: "If I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go through at this end, where would you come out?" "Come out?" replied the child. "Why, I'd come out of the hole, miss!"

WHEN our "devil" came in late this morning, the foreman said: "You're three-handed to-day." "Three-handed?" repeated the surprised youth. "Yes—right hand, left hand, and a little behind hand."

"NO," SAID Paperwate, explaining—"no, I wasn't really mad when the old man drove me from the house, but I must say I felt put out."

A PAINTER'S apprentice fell off a scaffold, with a pot of paint in each hand. He was taken up insensible, but as soon as he was restored to consciousness he murmured: "I went down with flying colors, anyhow."

THE man who dreamt he dwelt in marble halls woke up to find that the bedclothes had tumbled off.

THE puzzle which careful mothers try to solve is how to train the girls, and how to restrain the boys.

"A CHARGE to keep I have," as the gun said when it was loaded and put away for future use.

THE man who got into a barber's chair, pinned the newspaper round his neck, and began to read the towel, may justly be called absent-minded.

"TIME is money," said a professor to a student. "Yes, of course it is," responded the student, "or how could we ever spend the evenings?"

WHY is a church-bell more affable than a church-organ? Because one will go when it's tolled, but the other will be blowed first.

TO HIS absent father a little boy writes that his puppies grow every day, and sometimes twice a day.

IN Winter your quiet flower-garden is soon changed into a *bare*-garden.

"THEY fired two shots at him," wrote an Irish reporter; "the first shot killed him, but the second shot was not fatal."

GOING out to borrow money is an owe-mission.

WHY is the Prince of Wales, musing upon his mother's government, like a rainbow? Because it's a sun's (son's) reflection upon a steady rain (reign).

A MAN would rather live with a cross-eyed woman than with a cross-mouthed one.

WEATHER report—A clap of thunder.

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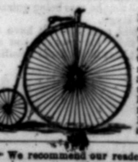

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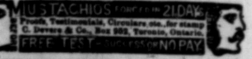

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And How he Earned the Right to It.

BY JACK MANLEY.

"WELL, I'm just about sick of salt pork and bacon, I am," remarked Dick Stone, rattling his knife and fork discontentedly, and riveting a disgusted glance on his tin plate, where a very small allowance of the last-named object of his aversion floated dolefully in an ocean of grease. "I don't believe they were made for anybody but niggers and Indians."

"You don't say so?" observed his mother, quietly.

"Oh, but I do."

"Then, why don't you get us something else?"

"Get me a gun and I will."

"You mean you'll shoot Mattie or Tommy, the same as you did poor Nero, I suppose?"

"Was it my fault that the gun went off just when he was in the way? He wasn't much of a dog, anyway, so he's no great loss, I'm sure."

"Perhaps you'd say the same of your brother and sister."

Dick looked at his mother suspiciously.

Then he comprehended that he was being quizzed, and broke into a hearty laugh.

"You take pretty good care I shan't have the chance, anyhow," he said, "for between you and pop I don't dare look at that blamed old shooting-iron cross-eyed."

And he cast a longing glance at the yawning fireplace, over which a rifle was suspended from hooks in the log wall.

It was with that weapon he was experimenting a couple of weeks before when it went off and sent Nero, the hound, to the happy hunting-ground of all good dogs.

Since then, as he said, his father had rigidly forbidden him to touch it again.

"When we want any more vacancies in the family," he said, dryly, "we'll kill a pig."

"Don't, please," implored Dick; "for then we'll have more of that everlasting pork and bacon."

On the present occasion our young gentleman rose from the breakfast-table disgusted.

"You may keep your old gun," he said. "I'm going to make some traps, and if I don't have a decent breakfast to-morrow I'll take to eating raw turnips for good."

For a couple of hours the usually decidedly lively youth who represented the eldest born of the Stone family was remarkably quiet and unobtrusive.

His mother pottered about the cabin, putting things to rights, while his sister scoured the pots and pans, and Tommy, a lusty baby with a voice like a steamboat whistle, made mud-pies and squabbled with the ducks and chickens at the house-door, without his turning up to disturb any of them.

At noon Dick appeared with a bundle of sticks, wires and cords nearly as big as himself, and requested politely to be furnished with something to eat by way of lunch.

"What are you about now?" demanded his mother.

"I'm going to hunt my breakfast."

"What with?"

"Traps. Do give me a cold potato and let me go."

"Mind you're not gone after dark. Your father will be back from the settlement by sundown."

"All right."

And shouldering his traps, Dick crossed the clearing in which the cabin of the Stones stood and plunged into the forest.

The Stone family were new settlers in the wildest and most sparsely settled section of Northwestern Minnesota.

Their nearest neighbors were at the settlement Mrs. Stone had alluded to, and which was ten miles away.

The character of the country may be inferred from the name of that settlement, which, to express the fact that it was regarded as about the last place in the civilized world, was called "Jump Off."

The unbroken wilderness out of which Dick's father had begun to clear his farm had until very lately known no other inhabitant of the human kind but roving savages, who even now occasionally appeared about the place.

Thus far they had exhibited no hostile traits, and as the settlers had been invariably friendly to them, they stood in no fear of being attacked.

Consequently, when Dick, in his woodland stroll, came on a couple of savages, rolled in their blankets and asleep in an opening in the forest, he was not at all disturbed.

The Indians, to judge from their dusty garments and the soundness with which they slumbered, had come from a long and tiresome journey.

Even the loud crackling of twigs under the boy's feet failed to rouse them, and he went away after looking at them curiously for a minute or two, without being observed.

"I'd like to know what's the use of such Indians, any way?" he thought. "They don't scalp anybody, or carry any one off, and that's about all I ever heard an Indian was good for."

It took Dick pretty nearly all the afternoon to set up his traps, and when he set out on his return to the cabin the sun was nearly down.

The sleeping Indians were no longer in the spot where he had seen them.

And to judge from the trampled grass and broken shrubbery, they had been joined by others, till they formed quite a large party.

Their footprints, as Dick noted with some curiosity, led toward the Stone cabin, and he chuckled as he thought:

"I guess mom will have a chance to get rid of some of that pork and bacon, for it looks as if we were going to have company to dinner. Maybe I'd better hurry up, if I want any of the leavings."

And tired as he was, he quickened his pace to a trot.

As he neared the cabin the strong and pungent odor of burning wood greeted his nostrils.

It increased as he advanced, until no doubt remained that something was on fire.

"It can't be the woods," he thought. "Sake's alive! I wonder if anything's happened at the house."

As if in reply, a cloud of smoke blew down on him through the tree-trunks, nearly suffocating him.

And a moment later he emerged into the clearing and uttered a cry of consternation.

The shed in which their cow and pony were stabled, and which stood a little distance from the house, was on fire.

And the flames from it were just beginning to ignite a haystack, which stood between the shed and the cabin.

Once the stack was in flames, the fire would spread to the house, and without thinking of anything else, Dick rushed to the hay-heap and began pulling it down, shouting to his mother for help.

He was hard at work when he felt himself seized by the shoulder and pulled back.

He tried to twist himself free in vain, and looking up, saw that his assailant was an Indian.

Like a flash the truth came to him.

The party of savages whose traces he had discovered in the forest had attacked the cabin.

The thought of his mother gave the boy additional strength, and with a violent effort he jerked himself free from his captor and rushed into the cabin, where a sight of horror met his eyes.

The kitchen was in confusion, littered with the contents of drawers and boxes, and on the floor in front of the fireplace lay Mrs. Stone and baby Tommy.

A shriek from the side-room drew Dick's attention in that direction, and he saw a hideously painted savage, with a torch of brushwood in his hand, dragging Mattie on.

The room behind was full of smoke, as if it was on fire.

Slipping through the grasp of one of two savages, who were ransacking the kitchen, Dick leaped to the fireplace and tore the rifle above it from its hooks.

In a second more there was a sharp report, and the Indian who held Mattie captive rolled dead on the floor.

The other two sprang at the boy, who, with a sweep of the clubbed rifle, laid one prostrate.

In falling he upset the other, who rolled out of the door.

Dick's quick eye noted his opportunity, and bounding forward, he slammed the door shut.

At the same moment the savages outside threw themselves against it.

It was forced half open, but a frenzied effort enabled Dick to get it closed again.

Then, as there was no sign of the bar ordinarily used to secure it, he thrust his arm through the staples. The ruse succeeded.

Assault after assault was made, but the door remained immovable, though Dick's brave little arm was torn and mangled, and the stout bones threatened to snap.

Almost fainting with anguish, the brave boy ground his teeth hard, and only showed in his white face the torture he was enduring.

"I'll hold the fort," he thought, "if I drop dead. Pop ought to be along every minute, now."

But two new perils menaced him.

The Indian whom he had knocked down had recovered consciousness and staggered to his feet.

The kitchen was now filled with smoke, too, from the side-room, which was on fire and blazing lustily.

Through the suffocating cloud the Indian saw the boy braced against the door, and snatching a tomahawk from his belt, uttered a savage cry.

Its echo was still in the air when a rifle cracked and he fell. Mattie had picked up the rifle when Dick dropped it, and loaded it, and her timely shot had saved her brother's life.

At the same instant a wild yell outside was followed by loud shouts and a rattling discharge of firearms.

The noise of a brief struggle succeeded, and then all was still for an instant, while Dick fainted away.

When he came to himself, he was in bed, surrounded by his father and the rest of the family, and a couple of men, who had returned with Mr. Stone just in time to attack the assailants of the cabin in the rear.

The fire had been extinguished, and Mrs. Stone and Tommy restored to consciousness, while everything that could be done for Dick was done.

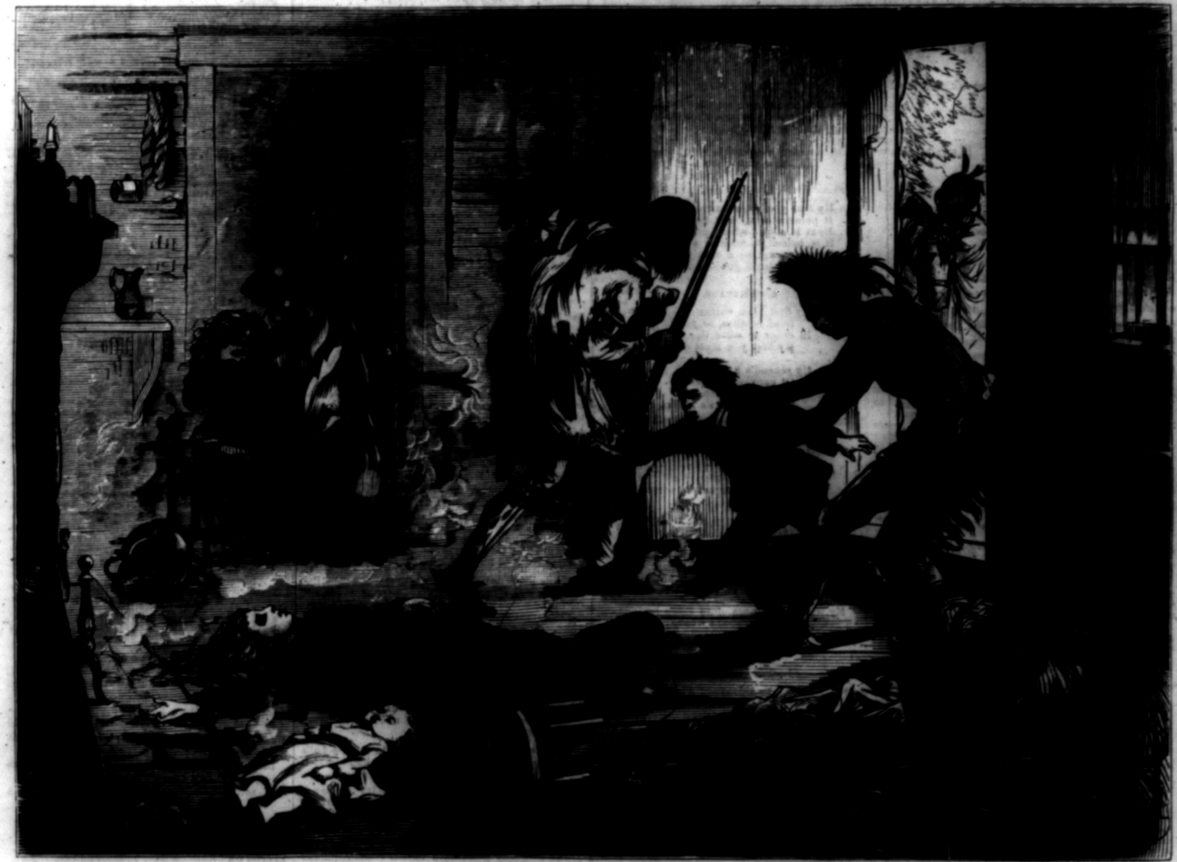
"Well, what do you think of me now, pop?" demanded that young warrior, with a levity that even the pain of his injured arm could not suppress.

"I know, my boy, that you're a hero," replied Mr. Stone, warmly.

"But don't you think I can do something else with a gun besides making vacancies in the family?"

When Dick Stone got well enough to handle the coveted weapon, his father made no further objection to his using the rifle.

"He has earned the right," he said.



DICK STONE'S RIFLE.—"A SHRIEK FROM THE SIDE-ROOM DREW DICK'S ATTENTION IN THAT DIRECTION, AND HE SAW A HIDEOUSLY PAINTED SAVAGE, WITH A TORCH OF BRUSHWOOD IN HIS HAND, DRAGGING MATTIE ON."

SOMNAMBULISM.

THIS word, which literally means sleep-walking, is so applied as to include all the forms of dreaming in which people walk, talk, or otherwise exert themselves while asleep. Doctor Abercrombie regards the practice of talking, or even conversing in sleep, as the first degree of somnambulism. In this state words and connected sentences are uttered, and sometimes replies are given to what is spoken by others in the sleeper's ear. The second degree is walking, and in that a person will get out of bed, take up a lighted candle, and speak audibly and coherently; he will sometimes get out of a window, walk upon a parapet, climb to the roof, and perform other exploits which he would shudder at attempting if awake, and will return safely to his room. Extreme cases are on record in which a man has gone down to his stable, saddled and mounted his horse, has gone to his ordinary work, played music, composed verses, sung, etc. The phenomena belong to dreams, of which they are an exaggerated form. As in dreaming, the mind is concentrated upon its own impressions, but the bodily organs are more under the control of the will; so that the individual acts under the influence of his erroneous conceptions, and holds conversation in regard to them. He is also to some extent susceptible of impressions from without independent of his organs of sense—not, however, so as to disturb his erroneous impressions, but rather to confirm them. When the somnambulist is awaked he is either unconscious of what has happened or remembers it only as a dream.